EXPOSE: PUSH BUTTON SEX-NEWEST CRIME AGAINST WOMEN

WORLD of MEN

PDC MAR. .35¢

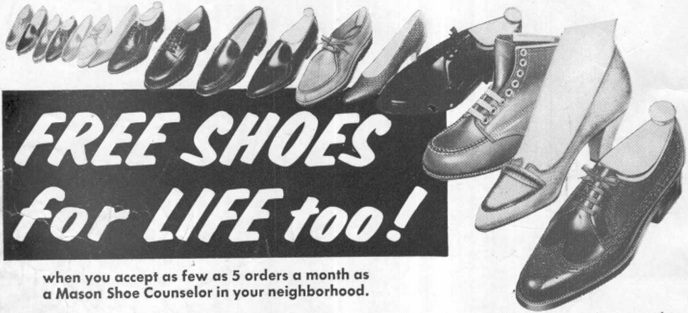
EXCLUSIVE: A CALL GIRL TELLS ALL

IS A PHANTOM LOVER DESTROYING YOUR LOVE LIFE?

TORTURES OF HITLER'S PRINCE OF PAIN

SOFT FLESH FOR THE DEVILS OF TORMENT

It's easy to make up to $100.00 a week in your spare time . . . and get . . .



when you accept as few as 5 orders a month as a Mason Shoe Counselor in your neighborhood.

HOW would you like to collect a handsome "second salary" week after week and get FREE SHOES FOR LIFE, too? It's easy! Just introduce nationally-advertised Mason shoes to friends, neighbors and other people you meet.

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Look at it this way. The raise in pay you *don't* get next month . . . is money you'll *never* have.

Don't let another day go by without *doing* something about it! Clip that coupon!

WORLD of MEN

MARCH, 1968

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357	950	953	958	961	967	970
391	951	954	959	962	968	

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MR.
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1-U2

"IF YOU CAN'T BRING the Hippie to the water, you bring the water to the Hippie." With this premise, a fast-moving strike force of 300 University of Southern California students, chanting their theme, *"Wash, wash, wash,"* pounced on 50 Hippies and started "operation scrub-down." Later, the students reported their wash-in wasn't a wash-out by any means.

HOW DOES A JUNIOR CHAMBER OF COMMERCE chapter add a little spice to its Thursday afternoon luncheons? By hiring topless go-go dancers and showing nudist movies, of course. The dancers, wearing only pasties (in compliance with Washington's District of Columbia rules), appeared at a few meetings, and attendance was anything but a bust. Besides the dancers and nudie color films, there was a talk from a man-and-wife team advocating nudism. The nudist programs were presented, said a spokesman, because the organization expressed interest in controversial topics. The spokesman didn't say if the speakers wore clothes or gave their talks in the raw.

"A SERIOUS BEAUTY CONTEST should be a study of female form and not an exercise in painting, decorating or upholstery." With these words, an avid beauty contest viewer wrote to the London Daily Telegraph about a plan to improve contests. He wants the girls to parade stark naked. The writer protested that in a recent contest, as in all British beauty contests, contestants wore false hairpieces, false eyelashes, augmented eyebrows, too much jewelry and "engineered costumes."

BY OFFICIAL DECREE, Lover's Lane is here to stay. In Derby, Kansas, anyway. Fifty high school students sat in on a special council meeting to complain that city police kept them from parking their cars and smooching with their girl friends. Council members, remembering their own youthful days, made a vacant street available for parking and "talking" until 1 a.m. nightly. There's only one stipulation: the smoochers must keep the section of the street free of litter.

"YOU FORGOT SOMETHING!" Thus went the poignant advertisement that appeared in the lost and found section of a Topeka, Kansas newspaper. It read: For the party that took the bike at 528 Davies Avenue. Please come back. You forgot to take our 11-year old son who owns the bike."

THE FORMAL ANNOUNCEMENT went out to all London telephone subscribers. The message read: "Telephones should not be dunked in water." It came after a rash of hoax calls in which a man identified himself as a telephone company representative, and requested the phone "be dropped in a full-to-the-brim pail of water" to clear up any electrical faults. Some of the customers followed orders.

HE WAS ARRESTED for drunken driving and unknowingly carried the pint-bottle in his possession all the way to the courthouse. Not wanting to be found with the liquor on his person, the 26-year-old laborer swallowed the last three-quarters of the hootch. But he swallowed it in the court's lobby, and was spotted by the arresting officer. He was sentenced to 4 days in jail and his license was suspended.

POLICE IN CASCADE, IOWA, who termed the theft the most unusual they'd ever come across, said the thief apparently knew exactly what he wanted. And it wasn't money. He took the drive shaft from Steve Shaw's car one night while the car was parked in Shaw's driveway. Shaw said he had over $100 in small bills in his glove compartment—which was not touched.

HE COULDN'T LOSE WITH THAT NAME. But he did. The loser in a four-way race for three seats on the Mount Angel, Oregon city council was Truman Kennedy.

HELP WAS CERTAINLY NEEDED, but Bober Herman didn't get any. He applied for a job at the Central Records Division of the Metropolitan Police Station, Nashville, Tenn., and found he had a record himself. They found he was wanted for failing to appear in court on a speeding charge. Police turned him over to Metro Traffic Court where they found something else on him. He failed to report to answer overtime parking charges.

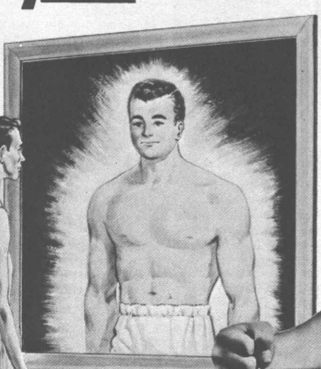
THE MATERNAI

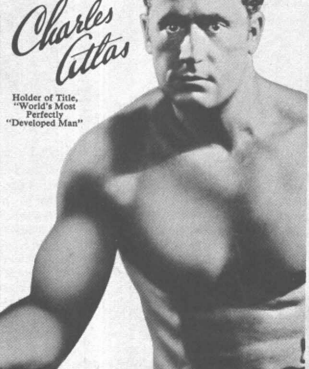
THE MATERNITY CLOTHING BUSINESS in Sydney, Australia is booming. The frilly, fashionable coats which hide approaching motherhood can be purchased all over the city. Even in pet shops. Maternity dresses for pampered pregnant poodles are selling well there. According to Mrs. Cecil Sykes, pet shop owner: "The dogs look much more respectable and attractive in their maternity coats."

HE SAW TWO MEN SMASH A STORE WINDOW. Three more men, obvious accomplices, moved stealthily into the shop and began removing merchandise. Peter Hongly floored one with a left to the jaw and held the others for police—until television crewmen across the street explained the "thieves" were actors in a crime documentary program. Hongly didn't walk away embarrassed. He looked so good to directors and technicians—even to the actors he'd floored—that he accepted a part in the documentary. He's now one of the shop "looters."

THE CITY FATHERs of Benton, Iowa are mothers. Women have held every municipal post since 1961 when a female uprising ousted the incumbent mayor and five councilmen and went on to seat a lady clerk, treasurer and postmistress.

I'll put a real HE-MAN in your mirror!





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Win this handsome "Trophy" over 1½ ft. high!

I Turn "Sad Sacks" into Fine Physical Specimens

I don't give a hoot how puny and undeveloped you are now. I'll build up your body where it ought to be built up — give you handsome, brawny arms and shoulders, a chest of rippling muscle, legs that almost burst with power and energy.

Just check the kind of body you want — right in the coupon below — and I'll show how easily and quickly you can have it!

I'll melt flabby flesh from your waist and stomach. I'll tone up your system, straighten your back. The handsome new body I give you will show right through your clothes. Finally, I'll help you to a stronger personality to go with your new physique.

My Proven Method: DYNAMIC-TENSION!

I'll do all this for you with my own exclusive method, "Dynamic-Tension." It's the identical method that changed me from a scrawny, 97-pound weakling into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"

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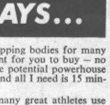

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COMMAND POST

The spookiest place in the world is Panmunjam, Korea. There's never a minute to relax during the day or night along the 151-mile-long DZ between the north and south sections. American soldiers and marines stationed along the 4,000-meter wide buffer zone have been hand-picked. They're all tall men, chosen to tower over their opposite numbers across the line. They're all manly-looking. There's no place for the averted gaze or the helpless gulp. There's plenty of game around, but nobody dares to shoot at them, for fear that a single shot, intended only to provide a succulent meal, might touch off a full-scale war . . . **There's one single worry** that troubles a Navy jet pilot, no matter how many hours of flying time he's got. That's dropping his craft into the ocean on landing and takeoffs. Much of his worry comes from the inability of his ejection seat to work under water . . . **According to military Affairs Analyst** General S.L.A. Marshall, the United States Army in its wars of the past 150 years, had not dealt with an enemy as heartless and inhuman as the VC. There's a degree of depravity in him, according to the General, that was lacking in the plains Indians of the post Civil War period or the Japanese of WW II. . . **Canada, Britain** and West Germany are sharing development

costs of this high-speed, missile-like photo reconnaissance drone developed by Canadair Ltd., Montreal, and being tested by Canadian and British army personnel at the U.S. Army's proving ground, Yuma, Arizona . . . **Hitler was a draft dodger.** That's the opinion of Werner Maser, in Bonn, West Germany, author of a new study of the dictator's early days. It was generally believed that Hitler was a penniless bum who sought out a refuge for homeless men in Vienna in 1909. Not so, says Werner. At that time, Hitler drew an orphan's pension and was also receiving payments from his father's estate. The total income was about 50 per cent higher than that of an elementary school teacher. Maser said that he deliberately hid from the draft board because he was not interested in joining the Austrian army. Five years later, however, in Munich, Hitler joined a German Regiment as a volunteer . . . **Marine DI's may be tough,** but they're not sadistic. That's the word out of Parris Island, S.C., to parents who complain that their boys are being mistreated by cold-eyed and cold-hearted drill instructors. Col. James G. Juett assures all that only the top noncoms can become DI's. After a sergeant is recommended for the job, he must clear a special board of review, which includes a psychiatrist, an officer of the rank of major or higher and topgrade noncoms who've had experience as DIs. The process is supposed to weed out guys with sadistic tendencies . . . **An amazing fighter plane** that destroyed more enemy aircraft in the ETO than any other American fighter was the North American P-51 Mustang. Its speed and maneuverability were superior to every piston-engine plane that the Germans flew against it. Its talents severely shook German morale in March, 1944. Used then by the 8th Air Force, Mustangs escorted a mass formation of B-17 Fortresses and B-24 Liberators to Berlin and back. Because of the P-51, the days when Luftwaffe interceptors could attack daylight bombers beyond the range of the Allies escort fighters had come to an abrupt end . . . **The Maginot Line,** designed to protect France from German invasion during World War II, is outmoded for modern warfare, according to the French government, and may be put up for public sale. Called the "shield of France" because it gave the illusion of unshakable defense, it was finally penetrated on June 14, 1940, by "Group C," 136 crack Nazi divisions, commanded by General Wilhelm Ritter Von Leeb. France's defense of the line: nine divisions. Facing what was in 1940 Germany's Siegfried Line, the Maginot Line contains some 400 forts, gun shelters, storehouses, observation posts, miles of underground galleries and railroads, on elaborate elevator system, tunnels, redoubts and other defenses, some of which are several stories deep . . . **Just as today's wars** are different from World War II and Korea, so is the training of the men who must fight them. The basic infantry weapon, still the rifle, is the M-14. It's lighter, easier to clean and has considerably more fire power than it's older brother, the M-1. Recruits today don't fire at stationary targets. The targets move, pop up and are silhouetted like men. The military training of 1968 includes classes in infiltration, night-fighting and hand-to-hand combat right down to the dodge and weave of the bayonet. Training also includes the operation of rockets, computers and one-man cannons. Although the drill sergeant is still the man most responsible for a recruit's going through the paces, there's a greater stress on battle field conditions and taking over command by the average GI, should his CO, sergeant or corporal get hit . . . **The U.S. State Department** thinks Moscow has a spy army of 300,000 for worldwide operations. They also don't think it unreasonable to think that as many as 100,000 are operating inside the U.S. . . **According to scuttlebutt,** U.S. Marines are using coat hangers successfully to find tunnels and other hidden underground objects in Viet Nam. Used in the same manner as a dividing rod in the search for water, the coat hangers are bent into L-shapes and held in the hands. The wires are supposed to spread apart, registering a different reaction for every layer of the earth. The hangers are said even to determine the slope of a tunnel . . .

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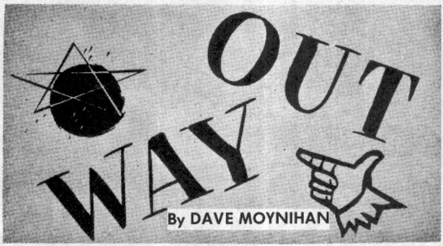

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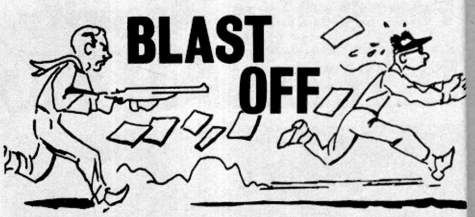

Dear Editor,

They might very well have dubbed themselves the Foolish Virgins of Monaco, (their code name) but that's as far as it went. They were a mixture of French, Italian and English. And virgins by no means. They all had one thing in common: All of them hated the Nazis, especially scar-faced Nazi Colonel Heinz Streicher. During the Nazi occupation of France these women became the highest paid prostitutes on the French Riviera. Nazi officers billeted in the neutral sovereign state became their steady customers. And using their charms, it was easy to get important information from the Kraut customers for Allied intelligence. At the end of the war, they were responsible for a number of Nazi defeats. Yet, a deep mystery surrounds the women themselves. They were sought by Allied HQ to receive special commendations in September, 1945. But they have never been heard from.

H.H
El Paso, Texas

Dear Editor,

What's all this claptrap J.R. Peters is trying to dish out about sex destroying you in strange ways (World Of Men, January, 1968). According to Peters, you're committing suicide in the bedroom. Of course, a mature and sensible attitude about sex can save many a marriage, but he doesn't talk about that. Peters (he must be some kind of a nut) maintains that sex is a lethal shadow reaching out for you. Thumbs down on you, J.R.!

H. Y.
Glens Falls, New York

Dear Editor,

Congratulations for exposing the truth about women making false charges about rape! "The False Charge That Can Ruin You," in your January issue warrants reading by every guy. All I can say is great job, and my hat's off to writer Howard Ross.

Y.H.
Springfield, Ohio

Dear Editor,

I've got a new pinup. It's Laura Collet, the doll with the chestnut hair you pictured in your latest issue of World Of Men. I hadn't been a reader of yours before, but a buddy of mine passed the January issue around and

we all loved Laura. Show us fighting men more of the same and you'll have steady readers out here on the fighting line. By the way, Laura's photo from your magazine accompanies me on sorties.

Dear Editor,

What are you trying to pull, printing a story like "Cages of Terror." I've lived in a housing development all of my life and it's great. Clean, with parks for the kids, green grass and water fountains. Why do you condemn them and call them cages of terror? You should be shot!

T.E.
New York City

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Earnings Like These in Our Files!

Anthony Allen of Baltimore writes that he is now making $1080 a month. Though he is now 48 years old, with only a grade school diploma, John Parzynski, a former plant guard writes he has made $38 a day, working only part time. Bill Peck averaged $188 a day investigating hurricane claims. Oscar Silcox earns as much as $100 a day as an independent investigator.

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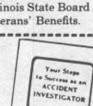


SGT. "HORSE" MARINO'S FANTASTIC LOVE AND POKER WAR

His love-starved hostess mixed passion and patriotism in a game of death that had Horse pulling WW II's biggest bluff.

MAY 16, 1944. 11 P.M. A farmhouse somewhere near Nazi-occupied Cisterna.

M/Sgt. Fairbanks "Horse" Marino, C Company squad leader, stranded with a broken right forearm in an Italian farmhouse deep within Nazi lines, found it impossible to sleep. Perhaps it was because of the beautiful Franchesca's sad eyes and her lack of enthusiasm for the Allied cause, or perhaps it was due to brother Rinaldi who would be back at Nazi GHQ by now, and might turn Benedict Arnold for future favors.

By KENNETH MARKEL

Horse didn't care if school kept or not so long as nobody butted in on his love life. But he was already sinking neck deep in big trouble — and without an ace in the hole.

He nervously extracted a cigarette from his shirtfront pocket, lit up and walked into the kitchen. He took a few drags, then pinched it out and replaced it in his crumpled pack. He was staring absently from a gingham-curtained window into the night, when Franchesca entered. She was wearing mens pajama tops and they reached only inches above her knees.

"Do you need something, *sargenti?*"

"I only wanted a glass of water." Marino replied sheepishly.

"You are like a little boy."

Franchesca moved closer, and Marino could smell the faint but highly exciting aroma of a fragrance he thought he had long forgotten.

"You and I," he started, "we should not.."

"We should not what? Your eyes told me when we first met. I believe in what eyes convey without words. They say very much."

"So do yours. Yours tell a story that I'd give my good arm to wipe out."

"You are nice, but it is too late for that. Then again you may yet give that arm before you are through. Wars are so senseless. But I care little for wars. I care only for people, and I *do* like you."

Marino looked down at the young Italian girl who suddenly seemed tiny standing there in her bare feet, and he caressed her fondly. She responded almost immediately, resting her head against the powerful chest of the American GI.

Horse Marino was definitely not the guy girls dream about, but there was a roughly hewn masculinity, a quality in his rugged features that made him highly desirable. Franchesca found it that way as she willingly gave herself to him.

"I will love you hard, because it is my way." She purred warmly into his ear, as they stumbled in the darkness to the living room and onto the couch.

There they slept peacefully together until later that night when they were awakened by a beam of light, and footsteps on the path in front of the house....

FOR M/Sgt. Marino, 5th U.S. Army—dawn meant a lot of responsibility, the kind he didn't exactly volunteer for. Not that Horse was afraid of a fight or even short odds. Horse Marino came from the land of short odds—Brooklyn U.S.A., and it made him a kind of expert on underdogs. From the day he was old enough to roll a pair of monopoly dice—age seven—to his pre-war occupation as block bookmaker who would never lay off a bet even if it meant doing without his weekly shave and haircut.

He just didn't like the army saddling him with every yo-yo, goofball, and spoon-shaving chicken-skin in the whole goddamned war. Nurse them, breast feed them, burp them—that was his job. Not fighting. Who the hell had time?

"Oh to be back in glorious old Bensonhurst." He'd confide to Corporal Irwin, the only veteran in the outfit.

Horse Marino was a character allright, but in the very best tradition. Even his name—he'd been christened Fairbanks Marino—(seems his mother had a strange affinity for silent movie stars) had to be lived down.

But with the good-natured, husky GI it wasn't hard. In fact one look at his ugly puss and you'd know. Great big soulful eyes with bushy black eyebrows, his jaw jutted to one side as if the cud might still be there—he was as genuine a facsimilie of horseflesh as ever took the inside post position at Saratoga. He got tagged "Horse" Marino at an early age, and it stuck.

When the word came for C Company to head out, the GI topkick vowed that he try to stretch the odds, get the "mother-loving" war over with as fast as possible and make a beeline back to his favorite candy-store hangout in time for the fall Handicaps.

But he found the going a lot tougher than Pitkin Avenue traffic on a Sunday afternoon.

"On you gut, on you gut." He pleaded to a purple-heart candidate going 6' 2" up a Nazi-held slope, before the boy finally got down in the dirt and bellied like the rest.

The fire was coming from above on that May 12 morning—two .50 caliber machine guns perched atop the rise, circled by three layers of barbed wire and bulky sandbags, with the Krauts probably figuring on retirement pay before any *"Amerikaner"* could penetrate. They spewed their brand of lead-death with a vengeance, covering the frontal area like a spiked catcher's mitt.

Horse gathered his men around him like a mother hen and outlined the plan. While eight of the squad's best riflemen would draw fire from the cover of several gorse hedges, Horse and the three remaining men would circle to the right flank, keeping low to "mother-earth". When they were directly at right angles to the machine gun nest and in close enough, they would heave hand grenades up—and hope.

On a silent motion of an arm the foursome made their way...they were almost in position—almost that is until one of the raw GI's unloosed a stray rock with his bootheel. The Nazi gunner reacted swiftly, and the young American soldier was riddled from neck to navel before Horse and the two privates could send up their antidote.

The explosion shook the ground. By the time Horse and the rest made it over the top, the earth was nothing more than a mixture of disfigured Nazi bones and steaming Italian top soil.

One of Horse's beardless wonders joining the party atop the hill almost puked at the sight, and Horse decided it best to keep the squad going. "Allright, move out!" he bellowed.

After a mile of hiking through dense foliage Horse called: "Take ten!"

Sitting there together, the eight remaining members of the unit looked a lot grimer, a lot more determined than they had only a few hours before. Horse Marino looked at each of them, feeling a deep glow of pride. They'd do fine he told himself. Just fine.

The break also gave Horse a chance to scan the map that would mark their next objective. The company was moving ahead rapidly, keeping pace with the armor. A farmhouse, only about one kilometer away, blocked that advance and it would the job of 2nd squad, and a tank to be rendezvoused with at vector Q, to eliminate it.

Horse Marino told his men what to expect, then shouted; "Allright, saddle up. Move out, move out. Plenty of Krauts left to die for *der Vaterland,* let's not keep 'em waiting."

The men walked single file along a shallow ditch that ran beside a seldom used dirt road. Cpl. Irwin was up front on the point about ten yards ahead. The rest followed, with Horse bringing up the rear.

THE day had started out bright and sunny, warm for May, however the early afternoon sky showed numerous cumulous clouds—thick and billowy—the kind that hides a plane until the last possible moment, when it's too late.

It happened in a flash. In no more time than it takes to light a cigarette on a windy day. The ME-88 dived nose down—a yellow painted nose that bracketed the ditch with death on every finger-squeeze on the .20 mm machine gun button.

The nine men dropped as they stood. It was as if they had all been strapped simultaneously to the same electric chair when the switch was thrown.

When the Nazi hornet had stopped buzzing and left, only one GI staggered to his feet. Horse Marino, dazed, in shock, still not completely sure of what had happened, gamely got to his feet. *(Continued on page 42)*

What Horse prayed for right now was a miracle, but he never expected it from a kid with a knack for playing poker.

Dog soldiers came to depend more and more on protection offered by tanks, especially in the face of frontal enemy fire.

ROAST OUR GUTS IN

By T/S TED DOLAN

Our flesh peels off in charred strips. Still we rumble on to doom.

FIRE CALL! Scramble over the treads and down through the escape hatch. Slap on your crash helmet, lift the hatch cover for better vision. Grab the tiller bar, and maybe your knuckles are white. Maybe your heart's beating a lot faster than it was a minute ago. Another attack. One more chance to get yourself fried inside this 30-ton steel monster.

The stink of the last one still hovers in the guts of this M-4 medium—smoke, cordite, burned oil, gasoline fumes, vomit, blood and sweat.

If you look around you can see a tanker's blood

German tigers had their own way in the ETO until the arrival of our tank destroyers and fast-moving armored vehicles.

THE DEVIL'S HEARSE

staining a crumpled though sexy pinup of Betty Grable

You can see blood spattered on the comic books and the two bottles of Calvados stashed where the ammo should be. You can look into the dulled eyes of your co-driver Lou Perrini as he squats into his seat on your right. By the numbers. Check the dual-driving controls, the .50-caliber machine gun, boxes of ammo, spare parts, tools. He lifts his own hatch cover and peers through it. He rubs his eyes. His hand shakes trying to light a cigarette. He's not scared—no more than any of us. Just sick of it. *Sick to death of it.*

Radio-gunner Corporal Howie Clark crawls into his own steel-walled dungeon. He replaces Jim Olivier, who died here yesterday and left his blood. Howie checks his radio and the bow machine gun.

Last is Tank Commander Sergeant Mike Chartres. He's in the hell chamber. In his powered turntable he controls the main piece of ordnance—the 76-mm cannon. He stands now with his head and shoulders outside the escape hatch and uses a handy-talkie to communicate with the other tank commanders.

This is the 9th Armored *(Continued on page 59)*

SELF-SERVICE SIN!

EXPOSE!

By D. R. BARTH

Fists clenched in terror, she has become one more victim of a high rise complex that offers everything but her safety.

THE LATEST BIG CITY OUTRAGE

The shadowy night figures who prowl in search of a means of easing their depraved hungers have a vicious new weapon — the push button.

AT this writing police are still searching for the killer of two attractive young women who were found bound, beaten and stabbed to death.

A young mother is still recovering from severe burns caused when she was stripped, raped and thrown into a boiler.

Prostitution has become the major occupation in a sprawling Boston high rise building complex.

These three separate items have one common denominator. They all occurred in buildings which have self service elevators. By no means the only acts of sexual violence which can be attributed to the push button world that is the large metropolitan city, they are quite typical of most.

Suffice it to say that illicit sexual activities flourish away from prying eyes. No device has given more of a spur to sexual anonymity than the self-service lift. And things are going to get much worse before they get better.

In New York City alone, the number of rapes has been rising steadily in the last decade. It is not a mere coincidence that this spiraling criminal attack record has occurred at a time of a major building boom. The trend towards high rise apartment developments with unguarded elevators has proved the ally of the blatant sex offender.

Commented one veteran police officer. "It doesn't take a genius to gain entry into the lobby of any building. Regardless of whether that building has a full time doorman or not, the potential criminal can find a million ways to bluff his way in. Once he has pushed the up button on a self-service car, there's little to stop him from carrying out any aberration he desires."

Yet this simple fact has not deterred architects, city building code supervisors nor builders from completely abandoning the manned elevator in favor of the electronic lift.

Officials of Local 32B of the Building Service Employees say there is little doubt that within the next decade or two the elevator man will become as extinct as the dodo bird. Not only is practically all new construction designed for self-service, but most real estate owners of existing property are drawing up plans for conversion.

Recently we sat in on a tenants' meeting of a luxury apartment house. The owner had informed them that he would petition the city for permission to fire the hall staff in favor of converting his property to unmanned elevators.

The real estate operator contended that the building was no longer paying a fair return on his investment. He also sought to assure his tenants that the main lobby and doors would be protected adequately from poachers.

One damning piece of evidence against his optimism was a photograph of the structure's side door which was supposed to be locked at night. The lock was not in working order and the door was held shut by a frayed strand of rope. This was the extent of the security offered.

However it doesn't make a bit of difference whether the building in question is a luxury dwelling, or a low cost housing project. The end result of self-service elevators is an invitation to the wrong doer to take advantage.

WE talked to a high priced prostitute who had this to say. "I used to worry about my Johns visiting me. You know how it is. Too many men start calling on a single girl and the word gets around. In some cases I would be reported to the superintendent. Some of them would let me stay on. *(Continued on page 62)*

THAT GAYLOR

GIRL

Ginny Gaylor is a pint-sized glamour gal with a zest for outdoor living, outdoor men—and plenty of fun.

■ A vest-pocket bundle of curves—that's about the best way we know to describe this Gaylor girl.

Born in Africa, Ginny lived within the sound of jungle drums until she was 17. Then her parents shipped her off to school in Paris where she was nipped by the drama bug and began studying for an acting career, modeling, between classes, to help pay expenses.

Later, with enough money put away, she took her obvious talents here to the States, hooked up with a top modeling agency, and Ginny Gaylor was on her way. Today she's one of New York City's top models.

MORE

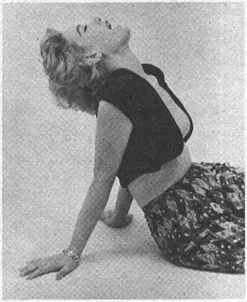
Ginny flips over rock-'n-roll music, new clothes, adventure and musical movies, Chinese food, strawberry or pistachio ice cream sundaes and any kind of sports—but especially basketball.

THAT GAYLOR GIRL

Standing a neatly packed 5'2", Ginny measures to 34-24-34 and keeps her figure trim and appealing by swimming, roller skating and bike riding whenever she gets the chance. Guys? "You can bet I go for 'em," says Ginny, "but my guy has to have a couple of primary traits—a good sense of humor and a really affectionate way about him."

Now that's not asking too much—is it? •

This Gaylor girl is definitely looking for a guy. "But," says Ginny, "he's got to have a great sense of humor, like outdoor sports and know how to be affectionate—to me!"



SOFT FLESH FOR THE DEVIL'S CLAWS OF TORMENT

The hands were never still. Their fiendish embrace was the caress of soul searing agony for the maidens.

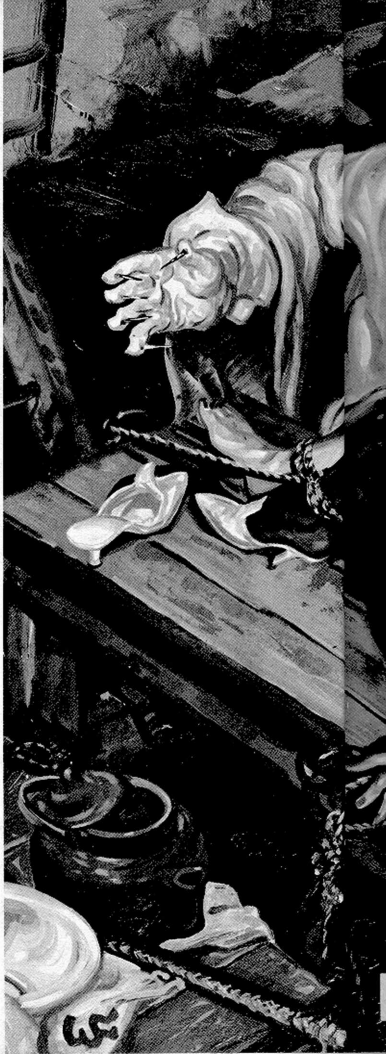
By ANDREW BLAKE

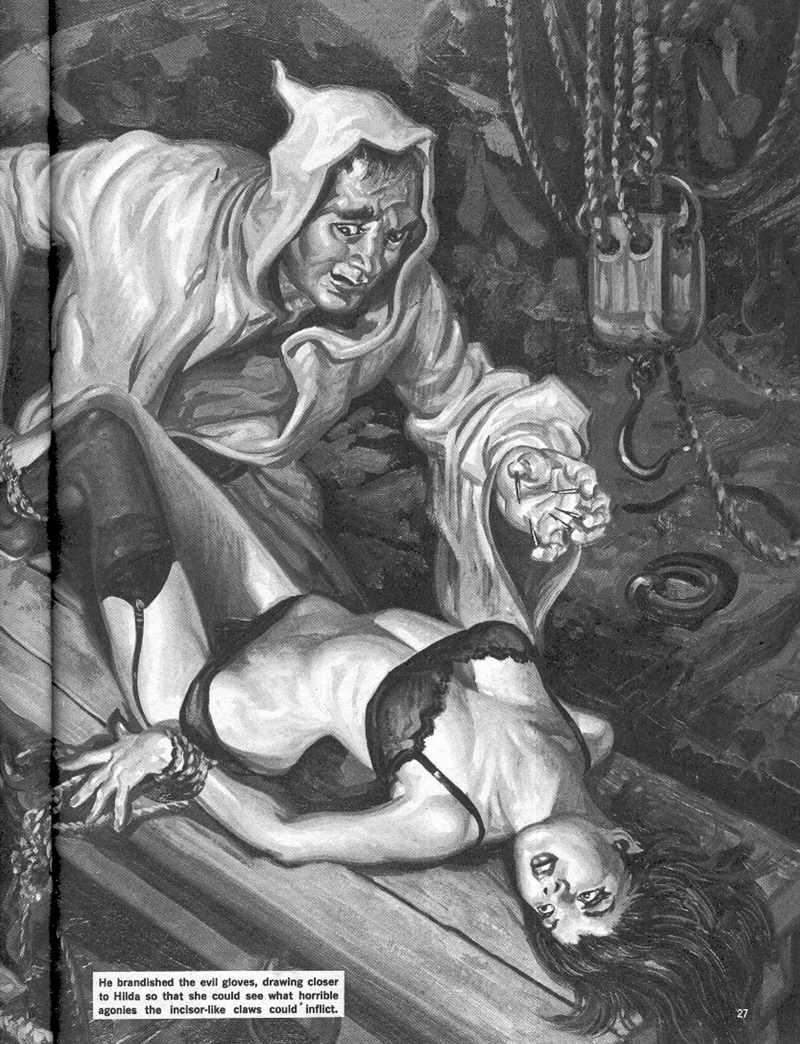
THE girl writhed madly in her bonds, trying to escape the torture — but she had been tightly tied, and the man who stood over her merely smiled. Her skin gleamed with the sweat of pain, her eyes stared wildly, and from her mouth poured a flood of pleas and prayers — for mercy, for delay, even for death itself. Even that final blotting-out of all the world was preferable to the torment which went on and on, mounting to incredible heights and then mounting still farther while she screamed and begged for release.

The man who stood over her laughed at her pleas. "Fraulein," he said with mock-politness, "my dear young lady, save your breath — when we begin again you will need it."

"Oh, please, please, don't hurt me any more . . .," the girl begged hopelessly. She stared up from the table where she had been tied, at the phial which the man held in his right hand, a phial from which rose a constant thin thread of smoke. "Please . . . kill me, but don't. . . ."

The man laughed harshly. "You will die, eventually," he said. "But I am merciful, you see I keep you alive as long as possible." (*Continued on page 70*)





He brandished the evil gloves, drawing closer to Hilda so that she could see what horrible agonies the incisor-like claws could inflict.

BEWARE THE

PHANTOM LOVER

WHO'S STEALING YOUR WIFE

He lives in a shadow world which you dare not enter. Yet he can light real fires of ecstasy in your woman.

By CHUCK McCARTHY

ARNOLD G. lay rigid in his bed. The throbbing in his temples was a constant thing. His eyes burned from lack of sleep. The muscular cramping in his legs was insistent. He twisted and studied the ticking alarm clock on the night table. Five-fifteen. Just a half hour and he'd have to get up and shave. He wondered how he'd be able to make it through the day.

Rage began to build up in him again driving out the sense of pain. He could barely discern the outline of Norma's body in the darkness. Yet he knew she was there, her back turned to him, her supple hip swelling under the light blanket. Damn it, what had he done to deserve this?

He went over it again. It wasn't as if he were a drunkard. He didn't gamble or chase after other women. A guy knocked his brains out all day, brought home his paycheck and was satisfied to take a lousy ten bucks a week for pocket money. He spent his weekends trying to be a good father to Jimmy and Kitty. What the hell had he done to Norma to make her act like this?

Arnold thought he might be crazy. If this was the way Norma wanted it, he had a few choices open to him. He considered them in turn.

He could walk out. There were states where a quickie divorce could be had at a nominal cost. He mulled that one over. The repercussions terrified him. A divorce would mean at best split custody of the children. At worst it could result in extremely limited visiting privileges. He'd known a couple who had used a split up as a solution to their marital problems. The scars on the children would never heal.

He could start playing around on the side. There were any *(Continued on page 67)*

If she's cold, blame it on her shadowy lover—or yourself.

TORTURED BEAUTIES PRINCE

By MARIE VENAUD

They called him Gestapo Roethke and they gave him all Paris as his torture chamber. Yet there was one lovely young girl whom he could not destroy.

PARIS, July 5, 1942. I am in bed, but I do not sleep. How long has it been since any of us have slept? Better not to think about that. Better not to think about any of the things that are happening now.

I looked at the high heeled shoes and the filmy lingerie and the sequined dress. Seeing them abandoned around the small room makes me feel filthy. I can still see the cloud of stale cigar smoke which drifts close to the ceiling.

Roethke's gone now. I have submitted to him for no purpose. No information of any value has come from the Gestapo captain. I recall the cab driver's surly stare as he saw what was going on in the back seat of his vehicle. I thank heaven that whatever he thought remained sealed between his tightly closed lips.

In Paris one does not call the paramour of a Nazi captain a poule to her face.

I think of begging Henri LeBlanc to be relieved of my assignment.

I rub my arms over my moist and still trembling body. I assure myself that in the morning I will go to the leader of my resistance cell and plead with him. I will say, "Henri, I can no longer take this thing. One must be stronger than I am."

I close my eyes, imagining the scene. I can see Henri standing before me, his black turtle neck sweater ragged and frayed, his beard showing blue around his jaw. How tired he is. His eyes are red and there are deep circles under them.

He puts out his arm and touches my fingers. He cocks his head to one side, regarding me, staring into my soul. "I understand," he says.

And those two words will bring me back into line. Tomorrow night I will be with Roethke again. I will do what Henri LeBlanc expects me to do. I will do it without his having to mention to me that something big is up and we have to know what it is. I will do it without any patriotic talk. I will do it because Henri LeBlanc has shamed me with two words.

If only I could sleep. I roll over. The humid Paris air touches my nakedness. Under me the sheets are wet and clammy. I get up and move to the window. The city lies below me, dark and forbidding. All lights have been curtained off. This fact alone gives us the courage to go on. It means that in the skies above France there are those who still have the ability to wage organized war. Perhaps some day their will shall prevail.

The moon is shining and it casts an eerie light. There is a sudden orange flash. A shadow staggers forward and falls in the gutter. Another figure bends beside the shape and rummages in the pocket.

There is the sound of running feet. A voice yells, "Attendez!" From my vantage point I can see the Milice uniform racing into the street. His baton is upraised.

The figure beside the fallen body straightens. It flattens itself against the door of my house. Breathlessly I race down the steps to the vestibule. My fingers are cold and numb as I twist the knob. The door explodes inward propelled by a man's weight.

"Quickly!" I say, trying to pull him to his feet. He is young and his eyes are almost mad with a combination of terror. He is clutching a notebook. He studies me, squinting against the bright overhead light.

"Upstairs!" I gasp. "One has no time to lose!"

HE measures the distance to the door. Outside a shrill whistle pipes. The man has no choice. He bolts up the stairs, two at a time. I follow him.

"The clothes!"

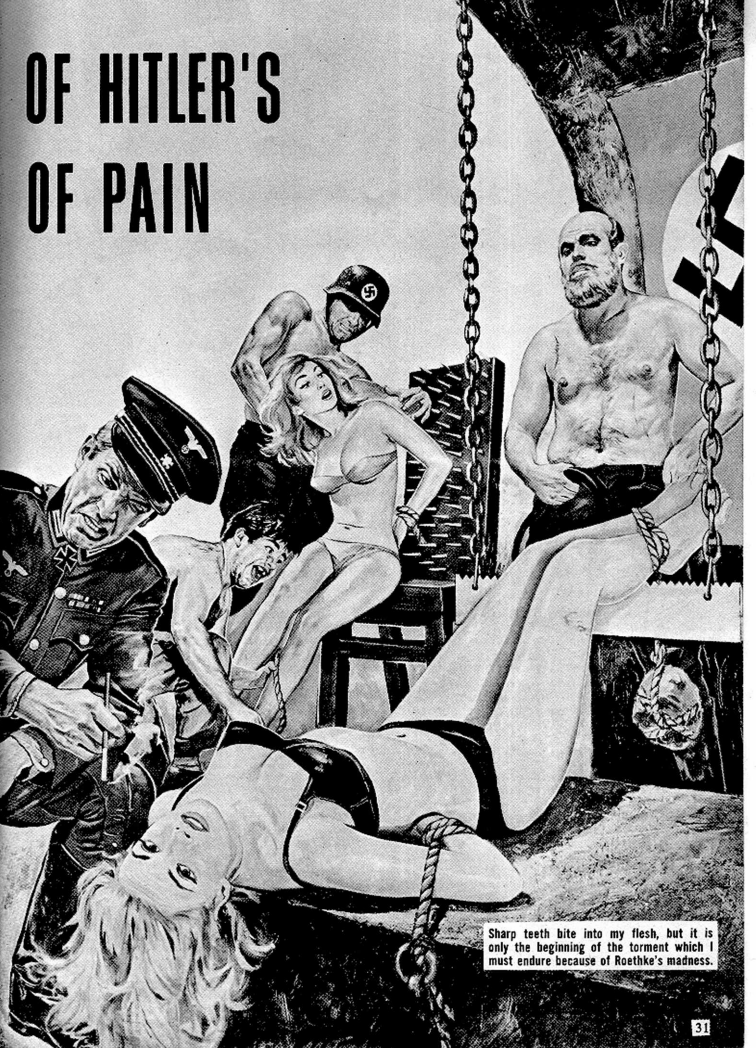
He looks at me as if I have gone completely mad. If I had time to think of the sight I present standing before him completely nude, I might agree with his confusion. However time is a luxury that none of us is allowed.

I race to him, tearing off his shirt and tossing it over my own lingerie on the chair. The man understands. He fumbles with his belt. In a matter of seconds he is as nude as I am. I turn back the covers of my bed. I am locked in his arms, feeling the animal strength of him as the pounding begins at the front door.

"Open up!" a voice shouts. I feel the sweat on my body. I crawl away from the man in my bed. There is only one hope. The voice that demands entrance is French. Bad as the Milice are, they are to be preferred over the Gestapo.

"One moment," I call. I throw a silk negligee around me and move down (*Continued on page 50*)

OF HITLER'S OF PAIN



Sharp teeth bite into my flesh, but it is only the beginning of the torment which I must endure because of Roethke's madness.

When they're ready for me they aren't pretty. But then, neither is what I do. Sometimes, I have to choke back screams.

I LOBBY FOR LUST—

A WASHINGTON CALL GIRL TELLS ALL

A soft caress in the dark — a murmered laugh — a short moment shared. These are the things that influence is made of in a power game.

By AUDREY CHENEY

THE senator has a fetish about blondes in black skin tight panties. The commissioner wants to be spanked with a wooden paddle. The congressman likes just good plain old fashioned sex. The fact that he is nearly sixty years old doesn't limit his proclivities. Whether its 10 at night or 6 in the morning, he's always ready for more.

How do I know these things? Because I ply my trade in the fancy apartments around DuPont Circle, the outlying suburbs of Silver Spring and Alexandria and in the plush downtown hotels which run from K Street down to Pennsylvania Avenue.

When I say I ply my trade, that isn't exactly right. I don't work directly for the government personnel I've mentioned. I'm paid by a very suave and sophisticated attorney. He buys my clothes, takes care of my rent, makes sure that my checking and savings accounts are in apple pie order and constantly warns me about making the proper investments to guard against a rainy day.

My relationship with the barrister whom I'll call Jeff from here on is strictly platonic and business-like. He doesn't want to become involved with the hired help and I don't blame him. Of course it galls me to think that I can't break down Jeff's discipline. But he has two lusts. One is for money. The other is for power. I don't think any woman in the world could take his mind off these two things even for the amount of time it would require for him to take his clothes off.

Jeff needs me, but not in the way I'd like him to. He knows he can count on me to always act like a lady in the cocktail lounge and what I really am in the back of a motel cabin. He knows I'll never cross him up by going in for blackmail or anything else which might jeopardize his position with those whose favors he's seeking.

And keeping my pretty nose clean is a full time job along the banks of the Potomac. I like to think it takes a particular talent to offer whatever comfort is demanded and at the same time give every assurance needed that a man couldn't be more safe with his own wife.

I was well trained for Washington nightlife before I met Jeff. I wasn't one of those chattering movie starlets or aloof New York models. As a matter of fact, I flew the 707's as a stewardess with my home base Foster International Airport in Virginia. I'd had my uniformed bottom pinched by more than one medium ranged government official while cruising at 40,000 feet. I'd served them drinks, laughed at their off color jokes and dated a few of them on the ground.

Being a stewardess had left me with a good deal of spare time. And spare time in the nation's capital means party-going. You have to remember there is very little by way of formal entertainment, and not a great deal of family life in Washington. Everybody who's anybody and most of the people who, like me, are nobodies are constantly attending a round of "get-togethers."

I've seen an affair thrown for 200 people just so a lobbyist can have a 15 minute chat in a corner with a member of a committee. Pile up the martini-soaked olive pits left over after any night here and they'd reach to the top of the Washington Monument. It was at one of these soirees that I met Jeff. He was courteous without being forward, businesslike without being pompous. Frankly I liked him.

I knew that if Jeff asked me to cross over into Maryland with him, I'd go without a second thought. But Jeff didn't have any motel meanderings in mind. When he propositioned me, it was along entirely different lines.

LET me sum it up for you as briefly as I can. Jeff had come to Washington as a minor cog in the Agriculture Department. He had worked hard at ingratiating himself to his superiors and the business interests who constantly march into town on self-seeking junkets. When he'd gone as far as he could in government, he'd used his contacts to set himself up as a private consultant.

Soon he was operating not only in Agriculture, but Commerce, Defense and on "The Hill." He's a boon drinking companion, can tell a joke in any dialect you can name, and is not adverse to being called in the middle of the night for any favor you can ask. With these attributes, he was doing very well.

I remember having a drink with him in a posh hotel lounge which featured overstuffed chairs, dim lighting and softly played organ music. *(Continued on page 57)*

THE INCREDIBLE SAGA OF LARAMIE'S EVER LOVING SCHOOL MARM

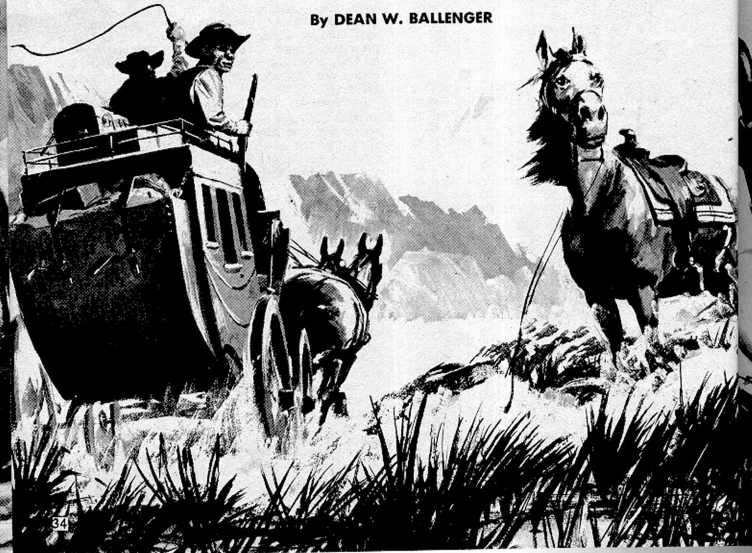
Under her eastern duds, the tenderfoot lady hid a heart of unrelenting savagery and fires of unrestrained lust which no outlaw could match.

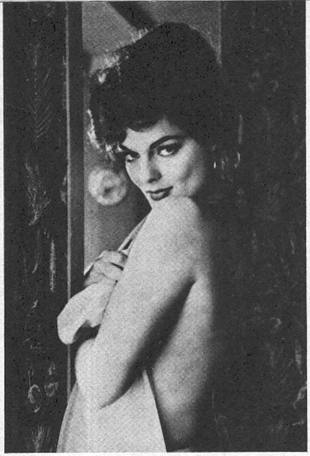
SUSIE Doyle was a passenger in the Wyoming Overland Co.'s six-mule Laramie-bound stage. The little blonde was looking at the scenery—the stage was in the Medina Hills—when a dingler named Bat Foster and two other hardcores rode out from the shelter of a boulder. "Everybody raise your hands!" Bat bellowed.

"You, too, sister!" Bat said a moment later, glancing toward Susie, who was staring open-mouthed and bug-eyed. She had never been in the West before. *(Continued on page 46)*

Bat eyed Susie's charms hungrily, but he soon realized he had stirred a hornet's nest of unbridled female passion.

By DEAN W. BALLENGER



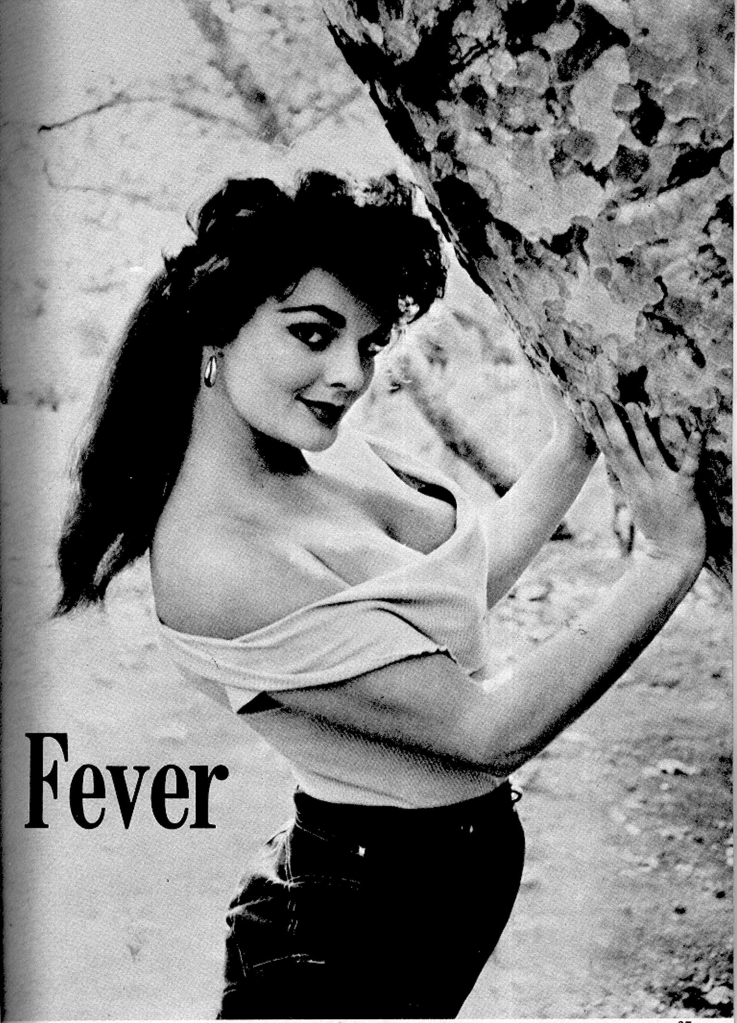


MARILYN Hanold, this month's spotlight girl, is more than enough to thaw out anybody's cold winter blues. Now, with all the trees and shrubs budding, and everything turning green, the winter's blizzards and frigid temperatures seem a thing of the past. To clinch the case, Marilyn, strictly

Spring

an outdoor girl, recently went for a romp in the woods and came up with a walloping case of spring fever. "This is the most wonderful time of the year," she said.

MORE



Fever

Spring
Fever

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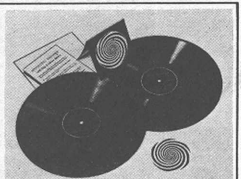

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LOVE & POKER WAR

(Continued from page 17)

He had no legs and he found the earth rising up to meet him as he fell headfirst.

How long he lay there he didn't know. When he regained consciousness the sun was going down. He first thought of his men, but one look ended that. He was the only survivor. In all his life he had never felt so helpless. Horse Marino, the guy who laughed at life, was finally paying the price. Tears welled in his eyes as he rose, and turned once around slowly to take a last look.

Until now he had been totally unaware of the gaping wound in his arm and the numerous flesh and powder burns across his legs and lower back. The right forearm bone was broken and hung limply at his side.

Pain made Horse wince, as he staggered blindly forward. In the condition he was in he didn't much care as he plodded ahead like a mortally wounded elephant looking for its burial grounds.

Suddenly in his hate-warped mind, all he could think of was killing Nazis. He could see the Alban Hills (Colli Laziali) in the distance. Velletri was over there—and plenty of hook-shaped helmets, plenty of lousy, murdering bastards to pay.

It wasn't until it got dark and the moon came out that Horse came to his senses. Stopping dead in his tracks, his right arm soaked with blood, his left hand clenched tightly around his .45 automatic, Horse surveyed the situation.

Up ahead he could see a highway—Highway 7—the Via Appia, which according to maps he had seen led into Rome by way of the coast and the Pontine Marshes. He laughed at himself, at what he had been thinking. One GI Joe up against the Nazi Panzers. A one man sortie to nowhere—he laughed until he cried.

That night Horse Marino slept, back propped against a sturdy oak, one eye open and the safety off on the .45 on the ground next to him.

THE following morning the sun awakened him, along with a strange rustling in the bushes nearby. Horse grabbed his gun and silently made his way over. What he saw was a young, paste-colored Italian boy—no more than twelve or thirteen—dressed in a neat black suit and cap. He seemed to be picking wild berries, and showed no fear when confronted by the blood-soaked GI.

Marino spoke first. "You *comprende* English?"

"*Si*, English. I speak."

"Where is this? Here."

"Cisterna is close by—*molto* Nazis. I live in farm with sister and older brother."

"Are your people helping the Nazis?"

The boy gulped, then said: "We want only to keep our farm. My sister says war is evil. My brother unfortunately is forced to aid them. He is a doctor, but he is away now. He is needed—so many Germans die."

Marino smiled. "And we aim to keep it that way. What do you call yourself, kid?"

"Thomasino."

"Little Tom, ha. You can call me Horse like my friends do."

"*Si*." The boy grinned, then said: "You follow me. I will lead you to the house. My sister knows first aid. She will fix your arm."

Marino had no choice. It was either go or surrender to the Nazi garrison, so he followed Thomasino for about a 1/2 mile through a pine forest, past a shell-lanced corn field. However as the two approached the *poderis* (stone-farmhouse) the bomb craters seemed to disappear. The dusty path, was remarkably well tended and healthy. Marino gripped his .45 tightly just in case, and followed closely.

When Thomasino opened the heavy wooden door and Marino entered, he was surprised to see a well-ordered main room with a rose-colored sofa in the center, flanked by several handsomely carved tables and a comfortable leather chair. Atop the tables were expensive looking silver candlestick holders and porcelain ashtrays. A glass-doored cabinet in a corner of the room was abundantly supplied with an assortment of dining room china.

Several copies of famous oil paintings by Michaelangelo and Titian hung on the walls and a wood burning, red-brick fireplace showed the crusts of the previous nights log fire above which was a wooden mantle containing photographs of family members. A kitchen and bedrooms were adjacent to the rear of the house with a long hallway leading to a stairway and the storage cellar below.

Marino had taken it all in, had been looking at the pictures when Thomasino returned with his sister. "This is Franchesca." He stated proudly.

Marino turned in time to see a girl in her early twenties, well-proportioned, with long straight black hair that had a remarkable luster. Her hair was tied with blue ribbon and hung loosely on her shoulders. She was wearing a summer print cotton dress with several buttons open at the neck to reveal part of her natural beauty. The contours of her body seemed to shift with every movement—obviously because of the absence of any undergarments.

Her eyes however were a contrast. Lovely though they were, they appeared a triffle sullen, similar to many Italian girls Marino had seen. Girls who almost had lost the desire to survive in a world rent by fear and hatred.

"Buon Giorno, Sargenti!"

"Buon Giorno, Signorina." Marino answered, still a bit openmouthed from staring.

"You are hurt." She remarked solicitingly.

"Scratches. I used to get worse mangled messing around with alley cats back home."

The girl said something in Italian to Thomasino, and the boy left, quickly to return with a plentiful supply of gauze bandages, tape, antiseptic and hot water in a metal basin.

"My older brother is a doctor and has taught me something about these things. We have had many troubles in which I have had the chance to practice."

Sgt. Marino accepted the girls ministrations gratefully. First she bathed the flesh wounds and covered them with antiseptic. Then she fashioned a splint out of two pieces of wood strips she split from a log in the brass fireplace rack.

After setting the arm, she laced the makeshift splints to the arm with tape and a roll of gauze, then told Thomasino to go to the bedroom and fetch an old pillowcase from the linen closet. With this she tore out an arm sling into which Sgt. Marino placed his damaged right forearm.

The girl had done this in under an hour, working carefully, causing Marino little excess pain, all the time using a skill that was truly professional for a novice.

"You should take up nursing when this is over." Marino said.

"*Si*, when this is over." Franchesca repeated dully.

Just then Thomasino, who had been watching a black crow from a window swoop in a graceful arc toward a distant cornfield, reported seeing a Nazi vehicle approaching.

"Quick, you must hide." Franchesca screamed.

Sgt. Marino was already on his feet when Thomasino exclaimed: "It is allright. It is Rinaldi, our brother. The Germans have left."

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RULES

1. Solve this puzzle as you would any other crossword puzzle except that the letters you supply are determined, not by definitions, but by letter values.
2. **Fill in every empty square with a letter.** When completed, every series of 2 or more letters must spell a word, both across from left to right, and down. Every word appearing in the solution must be taken from the accompanying "OFFICIAL WORD LIST" and must be spelled exactly as it is there. Words may be used more than once (no limit).
3. Black squares have no value. Using the letter values shown here, add the value of ALL letters in each line across (BOTH THE LETTERS ALREADY IN THE PUZZLE AND THOSE YOU SUPPLY) and place these LINE TOTALS at the right of the puzzle as indicated. Then add these LINE TOTALS and put your Total Score in the space indicated. Any error in your solution will disqualify your entry. An entry once submitted cannot be changed. However, a contestant may send in more than one entry. See Rule 6.
4. The object is to obtain **the highest total score,** obeying all the Rules. (See Rule 7 for ties.) This is a contest of skill. There are no "tricks" planned or allowed.
5. Anyone at least 18 years of age, from the U.S. or Canada (including military personnel abroad), may enter this contest except members and employees of the sponsors, their advertising agents and their immediate families. Each entry must be accompanied by a $3.00 entry fee. This fee is to cover costs, administrative expenses, and scholarships for student nurses.
6. A contestant may send in more than one entry, but each entry must be accompanied by the $3.00 entry fee. So if you see a chance to improve on an entry you have already sent in, you may send another, providing you mail it not later than April 6, 1968. While various members of a family may each enter the contest not more than one prize may be won by one household.
7. Ties are expected, in which case a tiebreaker will be required. It will be sent only to those who may be tied for any of the prizes. The tiebreaker will be similar to this puzzle. It will be the same size, 11 squares each way, but will be more difficult, with fewer letters supplied, and more empty squares. The Official Word List, with more words, will also be supplied. Seven days will be allowed for solving tiebreakers. Highest score wins highest prize for which there are ties, and so on. Each tiebreaker has its own rules and may have slight changes.

If any ties still remain, additional tiebreakers up to 4 more may be sent to determine the winners. If any ties still remain after the 5 tiebreakers, then the full amount of the prize or prizes tied for will be awarded to each tied contestant. However, in all our previous contests, 2 tiebreakers or less were required to determine all winners. There is never any additional fee for tiebreakers, in OUR contests.

8. Contestants shall not receive from, nor furnish to, anyone outside their own household, all or part of any solution in this contest.
9. Cut out the entry blank along the dotted lines, enclose your $3.00 fee and mail to Town and Country, P. O. Box 1562, Tacoma, Wash. 98401. Entries must be postmarked not later than April 6, 1968, and received by April 20, 1968.
10. **Promptness Prize**—$500.00 cash. If you send your entry and $3.00 fee on or before the date shown on the Official Entry Blank, you will qualify for the $500.00 Promptness Prize. This Promptness Prize will be added to the first prize only.
11. When we receive your entry and $3.00 entry fee we will send you:
    a. Acknowledgment of your entry (LET US KNOW IF NOT RECEIVED IN 30 DAYS).
    b. Notification of your standing at this point in the contest.
    c. Our latest bulletin of news about our contests.
    d. Prizes will be paid about July 20, 1968. At that time we will send you the list of prize winners and a copy of the highest scoring solutions.
12. By entering this contest, you agree to accept the judges' decisions as final. The sponsors reserve the right to offer increased prizes, extra work charts and positional word lists. We cannot be responsible for lost or delayed mail. The sponsors shall decide any questions that may arise concerning this contest. All entries become the property of the sponsors. This contest is subject to all Federal, State and Local regulations.

LETTER VALUES
A–3
B–1
C–1
D–1
E–2
F–3
G–1
H–3
I–2
J–0
K–1
L–3
M–1
N–3
O–1
P–1
Q–0
R–2
S–1
T–2
U–1
V–0
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X–0
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BE	FEEL	MAY	PET	WE	
BET	FIND	ME	RE	WIN	
BUT	FLY	MET	SKIN	WON	
CAN	FRY	MY	SO	WOOD	
CAT	GOLD	NET	SWIM	WORD	
DAD	GOOD	NOW	TEA	YE	
DEAL	HAD	OCEAN	TO	YES	
DID	HE	ON	TRY	YOU	
DOE	LA	ONE	UNION	YULE	

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Contest No. 8, $3,000.00 cash was won by William A. Miller, Jr., 225 So. 40th St., Philadelphia, Pa. (All prizes were paid in full in June, 1962.)

Contest No. 9, $3,000.00 cash was won by Mrs. G. L. Girardo, 6500 E. 88th Ave., Henderson, Colo. (All prizes were paid in full in July and August, 1963.)

Contest No. 10, $3,000.00 cash was won by Wilbur E. Wanstrom, Almont, N. Dak. (All prizes were paid in full in July, 1964.)

Contest No. 11, $2,000.00 cash was won by Gordon M. Thompson, 1526 Gulf St., Hobbs, N. Mexico. (All prizes were paid in full in July, 1965.)

Contest No. 12, $6,000.00 cash was won by Mrs. Sadie Pearson, Ontario, Canada. (All prizes were paid in full in July, 1966.)

Contest No. 13, $8,000.00 cash was won by Richard F. Stanley, Box 26, Judith Gap, Mont. (All prizes were paid in full in July, 1967.)

Will YOU be the winner of the $4,000.00 cash prize this time?

(PLEASE MAKE A CARBON COPY OF YOUR ENTRY AND KEEP FOR FUTURE REFERENCE)

When the door opened, a tired looking man of about 28 entered. He was carrying a gray overnight bag and wore the uniform of a German medical officer. He seemed surprised at seeing an American soldier in his house, but didn't attempt anything rash. Marino, who covered him with his .45, looked in the Italian's bag for a concealed weapon. When he was satisfied that he was unarmed he asked: "How come you wear a German uniform?"

"All the Italian uniforms are ripped or dirty." Rinaldi answered wanly.

With that remark, Marino relaxed the grip on his .45.

"You look tired." Franchesca greeted her brother with a kiss.

"*Si.* There is much work."

"Take off your coat. I will fix you something hot to eat."

THE rest of the day was spent in relative tranquility—except for the times Thomasino would pester Marino to teach him that "famous American card game" called poker, that all his friends had been telling him about. Rinaldi had a three day pass—and after two days of good cooking and home relaxation, he began to loosen up, talk more about the war. The change in his personality was truly amazing.

He began to boast about the Nazi Panzer divisions that Generals Kesselring and Vietinghoff had massed in the Alban Hills. According to Rinaldi, they were equipped with enormous Tiger and Panther tanks and quantities of .88 shells, enough men and supplies to throw the Americans and British back into the Mediterranean.

The next morning after breakfast, Rinaldi left. The same car called for him and took him back to German lines—and he went dutifully without saying a word to his Nazi escorts.

That afternoon Marino, feeling much improved, exercised a little and played poker with Thomasino, who had picked up the game remarkably well. In the evening after everyone was asleep, Marino grew restless. He got up from bed, smoked a cigarette and went into the kitchen. It was then that he saw Franchesca, and it was after having spent a portion of the night together, that they were aroused by the stab of a light and the sound of footsteps outside.

It was Rinaldi, returning with the excuse that a German *Hauptmann,* a personal friend of his, had been so kind as to lend him his motorcycle and sidecar for the night, and so Rinaldi felt it would be nice to spend another evening at home. When he told this to Marino, the GI sergeant felt the ring of phony in every word. He knew Rinaldi was lying, that something was up. Still he had to buy it, play along.

The next morning, "Horse" Marino ate a hearty breakfast of fresh eggs, cold chicken and soft red ripe tomatoes and washed it down with a pot of steaming black coffee.

"Best damn meal I've had since before boot camp." He chortled before remarking, "Whatsamata, Rinaldi you ain't hardly touched a morsel. You sick or something?"

Rinaldi looked glum.

"Better take a couple of those vitamin pills you got."

"Ah, he only recommends. I think he believe in Christian Science. What you say, Rinaldi?" Franchesca teased.

"*Si,* Franchesca." Rinaldi nodded, confining his eyes to a paper that lay on the table in front of him. There was a long pause.

SUDDENLY the lull in conversation was broken. The stacatto effect of a German automatic weapon crackled in the crisp early morning air outside. At first it sounded remote, but the shattering of window glass in the main room killed any such hopeful ideas. The firing, increasing in intensity, was aimed at them, probing like a scalpel—direct and incisive.

Marino and the others quickly proned themselves on the floor. Only Rinaldi didn't move, as a blast of deadly fire secured his position for all time to the wood-framed chair he was seated in. He was still staring at the paper in front of him when he was hit.

When Franchesca saw him she burst into tears, grabbing for his knees, causing his lifeless form to topple to the floor. Marino grabbed something else. The paper Rinaldi had been reading floated down onto the floor.

Upon closer inspection it revealed that it was written in German and from his limited knowledge of the language, Marino perused that the paper was some kind of commendation. A citation awarded to Rinaldi Giovanni for his efforts on behalf of the Nazi 10th Army garrison at Velletri, appraising them of enemy activities in the surrounding countryside. Added to his skill and courage as a medical officer. It went on like that for about a hundred words. When Marino finished reading the document, he shook his head.

"Take a look at this before you waste your tears on him."

Franchesca, who had been holding Rinaldi's lifeless hand, looked up, her eyes mutely searching for some answer to the sudden tragedy.

"He turned me in to his Nazi friends, risking your safety, Thomasino's."

Franchesca continued to stare blankly into space.

"How the hell else do you think you were able to keep your farm, your possessions. Why those Krauts ransack dumps that would make this place seem like a palace. Can't you see? He's been playing you for a sucker, Franchesca. Unless you been in on this too?"

"I would not help. Please believe me. You know how I feel about you after last night. I would not change."

The firing outside had stopped. Instead the acid tones of a Nazi officer called out: "You inside, filthy American from Anzio. Can you hear me?"

Marino crawled into the main living room and to the window before peering out cautiously. "I can hear." He shouted.

"You know of course that we could have entered the house already and dragged you out by your dogtags; but I am peculiar. I like to see your kind wriggle a little like the proverbial rat in the trap before I spring the lever. Therefore, I give you exactly 15 minutes—*Punkt*—to consider an escape, although truthfully it is quite impossible. I warn you that I have a platoon stationed all around the house with orders to shoot on sight." There was much laughter outside when the officer finished.

Marino faced the stunned Franchesca and Thomasino, who had been hiding under a bed during the action, but now sat beside his sister. Their faces seemed to reflect the situation—hopeless.

"Jerry out there seems to be holding all the cards. It's a pat hand." Marino remarked tersely.

"Maybe no." Thomasino interrupted. "Maybe we can bluff like in the poker game."

Marino listened intently as Thomasino explained his simple plan. When he was finished, Marino patted him on the head. "If this works and we make it, I'm gonna see that you get anything your little heart desires."

Without hesitation the plan was put into operation. Fuel was added to the fire, so much that the chimney smoke would blacken the sky. While Franchesca went to the barn and killed a chicken, (making it plain to the Nazis who were within range) Thomasino and Marino removed a dusty photograph and record album from a closet and set it up to play loud. With the speaker pointed out an open window, the noise would be clearly heard by the Nazis outside.

When this was done, the trio descended the cellar steps, down a long, damp corridor to an exit that ended about a fraction of a mile away in a culvert, at a point perhaps ten yards or so inside the German positions and the farmhouse. The idea was that if all the Nazis would be sucked

in by the noise and celebration, they could get a headstart into the woods. At the fifteen minute mark the Nazis pounced, and Marino, Franchesca and Thomasino lit out.

But once outside the plan immediately hit a snag. One Nazi soldier had not been fooled. He was waiting, charging from behind a leafy acacia tree with his bayonnet pointed at Marino's middle. The GI swerved, but still got a good portion of the blade in his side. Still full of fight, he used his feet to good advantage, and brought his hulking foe to the ground. Before the Nazi could react, Marino was straddling his back and had his good arm fastened like a noose around his neck.

A hideous scream was muffled in the dirt, as Marino snapped the Nazi's neck like a wishbone. Marino staggered to his feet. Weakened even further by the wound in his side, Marino needed the support of Franchesca and Thomasino to make it to a safe cave Thomasino knew about. After a brief rest and Franchesca's expert patching, they continued.

It was dangerous every step of the way. Several times Marino, Franchesca, and Thomasino had to dive into bushes to avoid being spotted by cruising Nazi vehicles. Men and material were being shipped on both sides and Marino and his friends were right in the middle.

At about noon, the Nazis laid down a tremendous barrage of .88 mm fire. Luckily they escaped unscathed, but to Marino it was a good sign—it meant the allies were close.

Three hours later they stumbled across an advance U.S. motorcycle patrol a few miles west of Cisterna.

And so for Horse Marino, the Italian campaign—the agonies of Cisterna Anzio and Velletri—had finally ended, and for once the bookie from Brooklyn wasn't making any side bets on anything, except maybe the day when he'd be shipped back stateside.

Editor's Note: There is one interesting sidelight to the Horse Marino story. Franchesca Giovanni got the opportunity to go to Rome when the war ended in Italy later in 1944. While there she met a handsome Italian businessman, married and raised a family. Her oldest daughter Claudia, now 18 has achieved some measure of stardom. She will soon be seen in the forthcoming Italian epic—"Private Luigi"—produced by Michael Sterna. As for Marino, he has forsaken his old haunts in Brooklyn for the suburban pleasures of L.I., getting married and going into a very profitable dry cleaning business with some of the money he won playing craps on board the hospital ship back from Naples. END

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EVER LOVING SCHOOL MARM

(Continued from page 35)

She was terrorized. "Yes, sir," she squeaked, raising her hands which trembled like aspen leaves in a September breeze.

Bat looked appraisingly at this alluring little woman. She had the harlots who comprised his feminine acquaintanceship beat four ways to Sunday and he wondered if she could love as good as she looked.....

"Doggone it, Bat," the stage's driver, an old snuff drizzler named Billy Clark said, shifting the snuff to his talking cheek, "I'm already a hour late. So if you're gonna dingle usquit thinkin' about heiferin' and get to doin' it."

"Aw, shut up, you mouthy old bung head," Bat said, suddenly red faced. He glared up at the old man. "Fork over what we come for!"

"I hope you and your trash friends get posse caught and hung," Clark mumbled while he opened the stage's boot—the compartment under the driver's seat. He pulled out the strong box and a Wells Fargo money chest and tossed them onto the ground.

"You boys take the goodies to you know where," Bat said to Steve Haug and the other hardcore, a red-whiskered trigger named Barney McGill. "I and that little filly got some private business," he added, nodding toward Susie and winking.

After his men rode away he told Susie to get out and for Clark to geehaw the mules. Susie put her head out the window and looked up at Clark. "You better do what Bat said," the old man muttered. "He's an ornery son of a you know what when he don't get what he wants."

The significance of this remark escaped Susie who, though she was 23, was still a virgin. She got out and Clark cracked his popper over the lead team and the stage began to move.

Foster and Susie watched the big Concord disappear over a slope then Susie said, "What did you want me to get out for?"

Bat looked unbelievingly at the little blonde. "You mean you don't know?" he said.

Susie said she didn't. "Well, you and me are gonna do a little lovin'," Bat explained. He nodded toward a patch of buffalo grass. "And there's a good place to do it in."

"You mean...." Susie stammered. Her face became scarlet. She couldn't bring herself to say the rest.

"I mean I and you are gonna love!" Bat said. He indicated Susie's garments—a serge traveling outfit with balmoral skirt and ruffled petticoats. "I'd hate to rip them high-priced clothes off," he said. "So you better take 'em off nice and friendly."

"I declare," Susie said, blushing even more. Then because she couldn't think of anything else to say she said "I declare." again.

THIS embarrassed and discomposed little woman had lived a cloistered life as a teacher in the Albin Academy for Girls, a Dubuque, Iowa preparatory school. In the spring of 1873 a spark of adventure, latent until now, incited her to apply for a teaching post in the frontier west. Qualified by education and experience she was eagerly engaged by officials of the Laramie, Wyoming Elementary School—an organization which had a hard time luring teachers who knew more than the students.

Susie had been enroute to this employment when Bat Foster rode into her life. She glared at this ruffian, who was 32 and handsome. "I refuse to permit you to sully me!" she said shakily.

"I don't savvy all them high class words," Bat said, "but if you mean you ain't gonna get romped you're wrong."

"I am not, you vulgar lout!" Susie said. "I'm a decent woman!"

"I ain't gonna argue," Bat mumbled. He seized the little blonde and immobilized her with an arm lock. Then with his free hand he took off her clothes and flung her onto the buffalo grass.

Susie screamed and clawed when Bat began to love her. But suddenly she quit struggling. A moment later she began to love with zeal and when they finished she said, "Let's do it again."

"Well, all right," Bat said, so surprised he could hardly believe it. "But...." he added wearily, "I gotta rest a little while first."

He took the makings from the pocket of his shirt, which he'd draped on a spruce limb and began to roll a cigarette. "Hurry..." Susie said dreamily.

"OK," Bat said, reflecting that Susie had certainly caught on fast.

Susie had real aptitude and when—a long time later—she had all the loving she wanted Bat was so debilitated he gasped like a carp out of water. When he could pull himself together he said, "I'll take you to town, Susie, so's you can catch the next stage to Laramie....you ain't got sense enough to find the way yourself."

He got up and shuffled toward his palomino. It was all he could do to help Susie onto it and then get on himself.

Susie chatted affably while they rode toward Grady's Gulch. "How come you ain't sore at me?" Bat said, reflecting that every other woman he'd forced had been about as cordial as a wildcat.

"I was angry at first, all right," Susie said. Then quickly she added, "I ain't now, though!"

The riders had gone less than half the distance to Grady's Gulch when Susie said, "Let's love again!"

"Lord, woman...." Bat said, "you don't have to do all your catchin' up in one day. Why don't we wait until...."

"I want to love now," Susie said pouting.

"All right," Bat said, reflecting that it wasn't every day a man had a chance to love a woman who had never loved any other man.

He got off the palomino then helped Susie off. "There's a good place," Susie said, pointing toward a patch of grass.

She was ready to love even before Bat got his shirt off. "You're the eagerest white woman I ever romped with," he said, grinning.

A half hour later he muttered, "This is positively the last time today, Susie. I ain't no buffalo bull."

It took three tries to get on the palomino and he wouldn't have made it then if Susie hadn't helped. "I'll sure be glad when we get where I can get a whiskey," he mumbled.

SOON they rode into Grady's Gulch, a rambunctious copper camp in the Laramie Mountains of southeast Wyoming, near the headwaters of South Sybille Creek.

"Good heavens...." Susie said, looking at the goings-on on this boisterous little town's one and only street.

It was something to look at. Even for a frontier mining camp Grady's Gulch was a heller. "Satan himself would find this raucous settlement too evil for his tastes," Bradley J. Taylor, western correspondent for National Informer wrote in an article titled, "Towns of the New West," "Unshaven louts discharge their pistols at the mounts of passerby and guffaw boorishly when a rider is thrown into the muddy street. Soiled doves solicit without shame.....protestors and reformers are tarred and feathered and run out of town amid the jeers of the trash who inhabit this Gomorrah."

Bat rode to the Travelers Inn and reined the palomino. "This is the high classest hotel in town," he said to

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By J. M. Smith, *President, National Radio Institute*

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Susie. "You can get a room here for tonight."

"Will you come up and see me after you get perked up again?" Susie said eagerly.

"I ain't guaranteein' it," Bat said.

After Susie got off the palomino he rode to the Western Queen Saloon, an establishment in which his regular bed mate—a buxom red head named Cora Bozeman—was a dancer.

"You look kind of green around the gills," Ed Alger, the bartender said, looking at Bat who was still ashen faced and shady. "Did you get posse spooked or something."

"I'll be all right," Bat mumbled, "as soon as I soak up a few whiskies."

Four whiskies later he went to a table and sat down and watched Cora. "Christ...." he mumbled. Compared to Susie, shopworn old Cora was about as appealing as a Duroc sow.

After the last strip Bat and Cora ate a steak dinner at the K.C. Cafe, as usual. Then they went to Cora's room at the Hoskins House, a two-story clapboard hotel with a back-east bath tub on the second floor.

"What's the matter with you?" Cora complained a little later. "You're lovin' like a old man on his second romp."

"I ain't feeling very well tonight," Bat mumbled. "I think I'll sleep on the sofa."

"Have you been heiferin' them Cheyenne whores again?" Cora demanded.

"No I ain't," Bat said. "It must have been something I et."

Cora was still accusing Bat of loving himself out on the warm blooded little Cheyenne maidens who hung around the mine diggings when he began to snore.

THE next morning Susie went to the caravansary station. "The next stage for Laramie ain't due for two or three days," cigar chewing old Mitch Lodigan, the station master said.

Susie didn't seem disappointed. "Where can I find Mr. Foster?" she said.

"If you mean Bat Foster," Lodigan said, "he's either in jail somewheres, dinglin' a stage or at the Western Queen. But how come a high class lady like you is wondering where that no good honyocker is?"

That, Susie said, was none of Lodigan's business. She flounced out and gave a boy a dime to see if Bat was in the Western Queen.

Moments later Bat came out the saloon's swinging doors, waved cordially to Marshal Bert Stanley who was going in for a drink and sauntered across the street toward Susie.

Apprehension for yesterday's stage robbery was his least concern. Grady's

Gulch was a town where an outlaw could walk around without fear of harassment, expecially if he was a fast draw and inclined, like Bat, to settle an argument with his .44s. Editor Jeff Runyon of the Grady's Gulch Gazette, wrote of this situation in his issue of Thursday, September 4, 1873 (archives Wyoming Frontier Society, Laramie): "Foster, an insufferable loud mouth, has buffaloed Marshal Stanley, or perhaps he had cajoled him with gold. But by whatever means, this minion of the law not only makes no effort to arrest the villain Foster but joins him in spirits at the bar."

"Let's go for a ride in the hills," Susie said when Bat came to her.

"All right," he said, his eyes sweeping this alluring woman. "I'll rent a buckboard!"

An hour later he drove onto Squaw Pass, a site which afforded a majestic view of the Rockies. "Just look at that scenery," Bat said. "You can see clear down into Colorado."

"Let's love and then look at the scenery," Susie said. She glanced around. "In case we can't find any grass I brought a blanket."

"You sure got converted," Bat said, grinning.

Susie's face reddened. "I didn't know what I was missing out on," she mumbled. She took the blanket from the buckboard and spread it on the first level spot she could find and said, "Here's a good place!"

"Three times is enough," Bat gasped a couple of hours later. "Let's go to sleep for a little while....."

AFTER this harried man bedded down with Cora—an event which occurred after supper—he was even less capable than the night before. "Don't tell me you ain't been Cheyenne rompin'!" Cora said bitterly.

"Hell with ya," Bat mumbled. He got up and went to the sofa.

Susie lured him into loving her the next day. And the next. Though this was a real strain he couldn't reject her...she had a freshness rare in a region of depreciated harlots and unwashed squaws. While Cora's wrath increased each night—and was now near the boiling point—Bat rationalized that she'd simmer down as soon as Susie went to Laramie.

But Susie didn't board the stage. "Why the hell ain't you gone?" Bat said, running up to Susie after the driver geehawed the mules.

"I want to stay here and love you, Bat."

"Lord, woman, I ain't the only man there is. They've got 'em in Laramie, too."

"You're the only man I ever loved."

The second night after the stage's departure Cora, who had finally learned that Cheyenne whores weren't responsible for Bat's lacklustre performances, demanded, "What's that fancy little school ma'am got I ain't?"

Bat applied a match to his stogie before he said, "She's got a education, Cora, You oughtta hear some of them big words she flings around."

"What's a education got to do with rompin'?"

"Nothing, I guess. But she's young and purty and she takes a bath every day and then puts on perfume and...."

He didn't say the rest. Cora swooped up the double-barrel .41-calibre derringer she always kept on the bureau by her bed. "You've loved her for the last time, you two-timin' little bastard!" she said shrilly. Then she pulled the derringer's trigger.

Bat was bending over looking at his terrible mutilation and whimpering and wondering what it would be like to be a gelding the rest of his life when Cora fired the derringer's other slug into his head.

The next day Susie purchased a purple velvet coffin for Bat and gave him a decent funeral. Then she boarded the stage to Laramie.

She taught there until 1877 then went to Denver. She died an embittered old maid 46 years later.

As far as anyone knew she had never loved again. END

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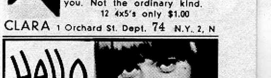

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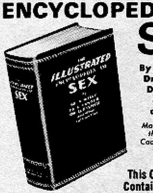

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PRINCE OF PAIN

(Continued from page 31)

the steps once more. Purposely I leave the garment open. I am still fiddling with the sash as I open the door.

The Vichy policeman stands ogling me. His eyes rove over my almost naked body like a pair of loathesome snakes. He is a fat man and the sweat oozes from every pore, making him look slimy.

"What is the meaning of waking people in the middle of the night?" I demand in outrage. I want him to think he is dealing with a spitfire. He backs away from me. I can tell he is not very bright.

"The house, one must search it."

"For what reason?"

"Outside. A German officer has been murdered. The killer must be hiding on the block. He cannot have gone far."

"Monsieur, le prefect," I say, half smiling coquetishly, "there is no killer in this house."

"One must see for himself."

I pray that the man upstairs has heard and will read properly. If he gives me away, it will be the Drancy Railroad station and the first train east.

I trudge back to my bedroom. The Milice pig follows me. I don't have to look behind me to know that his eyes are fastened to the sight of my hips undulating under the sheer gown I wear. Nothing is hidden from his sight. I exaggerate the natural motions of my body, hoping that this will take his mind off his official duties.

As we re-enter my room, the man in my bed raises himself on his elbows. His hair is touseled and he rubs his eyes sleepily.

"Who is he?" the policeman demands, pointing his baton.

"Has the occupation destroyed all chivalry? Is it against the the law for a woman to entertain her lover? Is that also verboten?"

My words are harsh, but there is a twinkle in my eye. I reach out and touch the policeman's cheek. He stares at me for a moment. My fingers move lightly across his ear and play with the hairs at the back of his neck.

He is a pincher and I feel the agony run through me as he takes liberties he knows I dare not question. I giggle slightly, letting him think I enjoy the intimacies.

"You heard a shot?"

"We heard nothing, Monsieur. We were both quite sleepy."

The policeman snickers. "I can imagine. How long has your friend been with you?"

"Long enough for him to become sleepy." We laugh together. "Perhaps sometimes you come to my house when I'm alone and you will become sleepy too."

The little pig eyes crinkle. The Milice puffs his cheeks out. "Perhaps. In the meantime if you see any suspicious strangers in the area, one advises you to go to the prefecteur immediately. It is most wise to cooperate with the authorities these days."

"But of course," I reply. I take the policeman by the arm and lead him down the stairs. We pause for long minutes at the door. His hands move inside my negligee. His gross belly rubs against mine. He has been eating garlic and he reeks of it.

"It is good to have friends who are with the government," he grunts.

"And you are my friend, n'est ce pas?" I murmer. The door closes behind him.

ONCE again I am in my room. I lie beside the man who has shot the Nazi. Even behind locked doors, it is safer to speak in whispers.

My new found friend is shivering. His hair is matted. He is breathing unevenly.

"It's all right," I tell him over and over. "You're safe for the moment." Soon he seems to understand. I stroke his cheek. He half closes his eyes. The terror he knows surrounds the two of us.

After awhile he is able to talk. His name is Paul Blum. Once he served in Luxembourg with the regular French forces. That was before the Heinkels and the Stukkas churned the roads into rivers of blood with their strafing.

Now Paul Blum has come home to the Paris Ghetto. He shows me the yellow star he has been forced to wear. The star has made him a marked man. As bad as it has been for the rest of us, Paul Blum has had it worse. We have been forced to cater to the Boche, even to make love to him. But Paul Blum walks the streets never knowing when the

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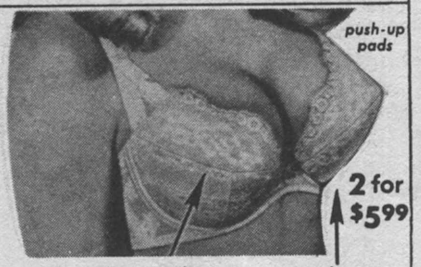

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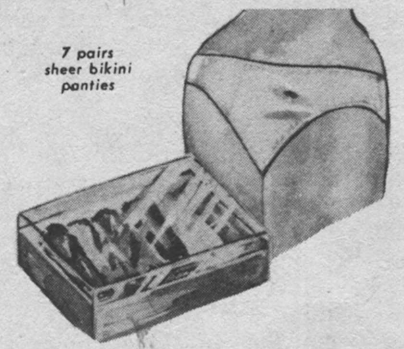

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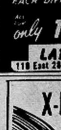

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antisemetic scourge will infect him.

Life has been very harsh for Paul Blum. But the haunted expression on his face is not caused by his own misery. It is for the suffering of his people.

"They come in the night with their vans. They tell us to pack what we can carry. Then we are never seen again,' he says.

I light a cigarette and place it between his lips. He draws on it. He is leaning against the headboard of my bed. How tired he looks.

"Is that why you murdered the Nazi?" I ask.

He is silent for a moment. Then he shakes his head. "No. To kill one German accomplishes nothing. I needed the book he carried. It might save a thousand lives."

"The book?"

"It contains a list. They call it Judenmaterial. The people on the list are scheduled for travel east."

"How can you know?"

Paul Blum looks at me suspiciously. "One has his ways." He falls silent. The words form slowly. He is trying to convince himself to trust me.

"Tonight you saved my life. You did not have to interfere. It might have been dangerous. Why would you do this for a Jew?"

"Mon pauvre enfant!" I cry. "You are a human being. You are a Frenchman. You fight my fight."

Impulsively I run to him. I throw myself into his arms. My mouth is open as it searches for his. Our tongues touch. He responds. The fear evaporates. It is replaced by a growing passion between us. I come alive as he gently strokes my nakedness. The fires of his courage in having killed the Nazi cleanse my soul of Heinz Roethke's besmirching love making. This man who came to me with a Boche's blood on his hands makes me feel like a woman again.

You may think our behavior is bizarre. Remember. This is Paris during the occupation. One does not think of propriety. Emotions of a lifetime are telescoped into a few brief seconds. People meet, love, kill, separate and never see each other again.

LATER we lie side by side. Paul Blum's arm is thrown across me.

"I endanger you by being here," he says as we listen to the gutteral sounds in the street below.

"One cannot leave now. The curfew makes it impossible."

He nods. Together we watch the dawn break over the cloud specked sky. With it comes a return to the realities of our existance. We study the notebook that Paul Blum has stolen from the German. It contains a printed list of names which appear under the words *Amt IVA, Reichssicherheitstauptamt Final Solution Jewish Problem In France.* It also holds an instruction sheet for the roundup and the date, 16 July, 1942.

We know even as we read the damning papers not all of those who appear on the list can be saved, nor is the list complete. However those who can be reached must be warned. One must do what one can.

As the morning heat swells, I know Paul Blum must leave. I watch him hide the sheets of paper next to his skin. I walk with him to the door, lingering with him so that the plainclothesmen at the head of the street can get a full view of our parting embrace. Paul has left his yellow star behind.

The men watch his progress. They look out of place in the quiet of the morning. The murdered Boche has been removed. There is a slight stain on the cobblestones.

One of the men puts his hand up. Paul stops in his tracks. I feel the thrill of panic racing over me. Paul shows not the slightest tremor. He answers the questions they ask him. He points back at me standing in my doorway and smiles. The plainclothesmen nudge each other. They smile in a nasty way.

I close the door behind me and lean against it trying to catch my breath. I know that I will never see Paul Blum again.

I return upstairs, draw a bath and then begin dressing. Tonight Roethke and his friend Dannecker have planned a *Karl Night* for a visitor from Berlin. The man must be very important.

I shudder at the thought of what a *Karl Night* means. There will be the nightclub carousing and then the orgy without end where fifty girls like me will be forced to submit to indecencies.

The horror of it clutches at my belly with icy fingers. Yet this is what Henri LaBlanc expects of me. "When one sets out to spy on his enemy, he can not pick and choose the surroundings," Henri has said.

I have just stepped into my black lace panties and am adjusting my bra when the knocking comes at my door. It is more like the battering of someone who is determined to tear the door off its hinges with his bare fists.

Hurriedly I reach for my skirt, wriggling into it. I button my blouse as I descend the steps. The panic is threatening to strangle me. I can think only of Paul Blum. He has been caught. They have made him talk.

The sight which greets my eyes as I open the door confirms my terror. Two RSMA men in full uniform stand rigidly before me. Their hands are hooked in their belts. Their feet are wide-spread. They strip the clothes from my back with their hot eyes.

"Fraulein Venaud," one says. "You will please come with us." Before I can answer, they have pinioned my arms and I am hustled into a car which waits at the curb. They give an order to the driver and we ease into the flow of early morning traffic.

TEN minutes later we stop at 72 Avenue Foch. An armed sentry salutes smartly as I am marched into the building's interior. I am taken to an office which has a chair and a desk and no other furnishings and left alone.

For what seems like hours I pace up and down my prison. The door has been securely bolted behind me. I know not what to expect. Every now and then a muffled scream reaches my ears. I wonder if Paul Blum is being interrogated. If so how much has he said? Paul Blum is a brave man. But who is brave enough to stand up against the Nazis' testicle crushing devices?

Finally my agony of waiting is over. I hear the key grating in the lock. Captain Heinz Roethke strides past me. He seats himself behind the desk. Thus far he has not looked at me. He waits until he hears the lock click again.

Then his cold eyes slither over me. He shuffles some papers before him, not bothering to look at them.

"You have made a fool out of me!" he blurts. His face is flushed. He breathes quickly.

"I have done nothing."

"You have done nothing. It is all over the building. The mistress of Heinz Roethke cannot satisfy a French woman. She must wait until he has left in order to find someone to match her ardor."

I look at him in consternation. Of all the things I might have expected this is the most unbelievable.

"I don't know what you're talking about," I gasp.

"You don't know," Roethke mocks. "You don't know that your name and address were included in the stupid report of the bungling

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French dumbkopf? You don't know that the report was turned over to my inferiors? You don't know that the circumstances of the visit have been clearly defined for anybody who wants to read them. A schatzi in the embrace of a mere French boy. A schatzi who has gone all over Paris on the arm of Heinz Roethke. You have made me the laughing stock of the Gestapo. And for that you will pay. Oh, how you'll pay."

Idiotic as it might sound, I could not suppress a laugh. Of all the things which might have placed me in peril, the revenge of a vindictive lover is the most absurd.

"Tonight!" Heinz Roethke grits through clenched teeth, "we shall have a very special *Karl Night* performance. You will enjoy it no end. Before it is over, you will crawl to me and beg my forgiveness before my friends. Remember that well."

My interview with Heinz Roethke is over. Throughout the remainder of the day, I am held in a small cell at 72 Avenue Foch. I can hear hammering and the curses of workmen. But there are no more screams. I wait wondering what form Roethke's vengeance will take. However my most bizarre nightmares can not match the Nazi's maniacal aberrations.

LATE that evening they come for me. They march me through a row of cells into a huge room which must be a portion of the basement. Huge lights beat down on me. I have trouble seeing in the glare. As my vision clears, I cry out.

The room has been fitted out to resemble the stage of Paris' ancient theater of horror, the Grand Guignol. Only the implements which now shine in the searing light are not mere props. One can tell that by seeing the metallic sheen to the saw teeth which hang suspended from overhead chains. One knows that the ropes which lie coiled are thick and splintery. One can understand that the spikes which stud the heavy wooden chair in the middle of the room are not rubber facsimiles. This is not make believe horror. This is the deranged cunning of a Nazi mind at work.

Roethke and a select group of his cronies stand in one corner. Roethke has been drinking. His voice is loud, boastful.

"Have the schatzi remove her clothing!" he orders. A bearded brute waddles across the floor. He wears no shirt and the coarse hair on his chest and stomach fail to hide the flabby layers of flesh. Grotesque as he is, he is nothing compared to the deformed dwarf who scampers by his side.

Before I have a chance to struggle, the dwarf grips my thigh. The weight of his shoulder is pressed against my leg. I fall heavily to the floor.

The next few moments are monstrous. My mouth is open in a continual scream as I feel the deformed men ripping my clothes. My blouse and skirt are tossed to the other Nazis. I am lifted in the torturers' powerful arms and placed upon a stone slab which digs into my back. Roethke supervises them as they bind my arms behind me. The strain of my own weight pressing against my arms is numbing. Roethke runs his hand over my straining body, allowing it to linger on the silk garments I still wear.

Then he turns away from me. Another girl is brought into the room. In a matter of seconds she is stripped of her clothing. She tries to cover her nudity with pitifully small hands.

"My friends," Roethke gloats, "you are about to see the loyalty a Jewess holds for her family. This little baggage has been promised the freedom of her mother and father in return for a few hours of entertainment here. I am willing to wager that she will consign her parents to the Auschwitz chimneys to spare herself a little discomfort."

Amidst the sounds of popping champagne corks and unprintable comments of the Nazis, the girl is dragged to the spiked chair. Her hands are bound behind her back and her ankles tied to the chair legs. Heavy straps are passed around her waist and hips allowing just a few scant inches of play. She strains mightily, trying to keep her tender flesh from being ripped by the needle sharp points of the spikes. In time her muscles will begin to twitch. The spasms will wrack her. The fatigue will force her back against the spikes. She will try to heave herself away from the offending steel. Each motion of her lithe young body will bring new pain.

The girl knows this as well as I do. Yet she stares at her tormentors with a level look of bravery which is wasted on them.

Roethke tires of watching the struggles of the girl. He turns to me once more. He orders his torturers to tie my ankles together. I have no way of knowing what he intends to do with me. At the moment I concentrate on the chaf-

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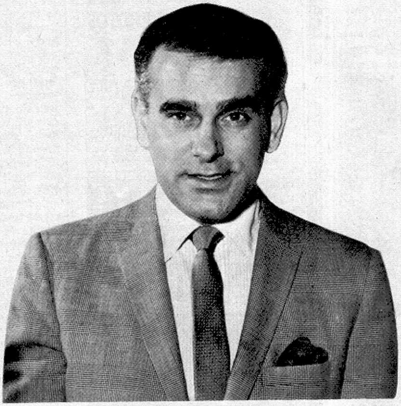

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ing of the ropes around my arms and legs.

Then the saw blade is laced in position under my calves. Like the girl on the chair I find myself straining to keep the cold steel from biting into my flesh.

But Roethke is not done with me. He has them tie a heavy weight to the rope which holds my ankles. Sweat breaks out over my entire body. The pain begins in my stomach and fans down through my over-stretched tendons. I feel my legs being carried down towards the saw. I know what the teeth will do to me. I close my eyes and grit my teeth summoning up some last reserve of energy. The faces around me begin to blur.

The bearded one lights a match and applies it to my toes. The other Nazi steps in. The world seems to erupt into a million tips of flaming cigarettes. I can no longer remain silent. My throat aches from my constant screaming.

THE night has scarcely begun. Through my tears I see the whip uncoil. The sensation of pain which lances through me is beyond description.

I cannot bring myself to tell you of the other things that happened to me at 72 Avenue Foch. I will not even mention the horrors of the trip east or what I found at Ravensbruck when I got there.

Through it all only one thing kept me going—the thought that perhaps some of those on the list for the July 16, 1942 deportation were warned by Paul Blum in time.

After the war I returned to Paris. Soon the scars on my body healed and I am able to smile again. I am never to see Paul Blum or to know whether he lived or died. I am to learn that Henri LeBlanc was killed in the liberation battle. I am to be told that almost eight thousand men, women and children were deported to the extermination camps in the action of July 16. But I am also to be told that some 4,000 got away.

I hope that one of those was Paul Blum. At first I live only to see Roethke brought to justice. But like Dannecker he disappears. I try to forget him. Then the Israelis capture Eichmann and bring him to trial. I see the news pictures of the man sitting in the bullet proof compound as the evidence against him mounts. Perhaps Heinz Roethke will occupy such a place someday. If he does, it will be for others to tighten the noose around his neck. All I want to do now is forget. END

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I LOBBY FOR LUST — A WASHINGTON CALL GIRL TELLS ALL

(Continued from page 33)

Jeff sounded me out about the airlines and was delighted when I told him I was getting tired of living out of an overnight bag.

"A smart girl like you could go far here if she set her mind to it," he offered.

"Who would I have to kill?"

"Audrey, all you'd have to do is look as beautiful as you do tonight and then do what comes naturally to any young healthy woman."

I took a long sip of my drink while I thought that one over.

I was no longer thinking the next morning when I opened charge accounts in all of the finest F Street specialty shops. As a member of Jeff's staff, it was necessary for me to dress the part.

Within a week, Jeff tossed his first party. It was quite a clambake in an exclusive section of Alexandria. If I mentioned the name of the "admirer" who saw that my glass was filled and the open faced sandwiches were within easy reach, you'd be amazed.

My "admirer" might be a brain before the working press, but he wasn't quite that mental when he started to paw inside my dress.

My employer nodded quickly toward the front door. I got the idea.

"It's awfully stuffy in here, isn't it?" I asked.

"You could suffocate," the tyro replied.

"Why don't we break away?"

"Now you're talking. I'll say goodnight while you're getting your wrap. Meet me at the car. I'll have my lights on."

He may have had a drink too many. If anybody wanted his fingerprints, they'd have found them in some very strange places. Still he had enough presence of mind and caution left to demand that I go skulking off into the night unseen by any of the others.

ASK me of my recollections of him and I'll tell you how silly he looked with his belly spilling over the top of his size 46 shorts. I'll tell you how he got so worked up that he literally tore my bra and panties from me. I'll tell you how I was literally sickened by his closeness and yet smiled through the entire ordeal. I'll tell you how I screamed vile and silent curses at him while my lips were forming meaningless words of endearment.

I remember being weak and sick. I remember finding it nearly impossible to extricate myself from the tangled sheets. I remember looking up at him and seeing him tie a Windsor knot and smooth back his iron gray hair. Once again he was ready for the world of the committee—the world of the governed.

I remember him patting my naked thigh and saying, "Hurry up and get dressed. I'll drop you off at the bus stop."

I recall slipping into what was left of my clothes and trying to feel grateful that I wasn't being entirely stranded.

I imagine that's the toughest thing that comes from working for Jeff. The men he introduces me to take liberties they wouldn't with any decent girl. I don't mean the fetishes. They're easier to forgive. I'm talking about the common courtesies that most women feel are their God-given right. I mean the luxury of being driven home after a date. I refer to the simple gesture of a man helping a woman on with her coat as she leaves a gathering.

Their lack of chivalry indicates to me that Jeff has told them exactly what I am. He's spelled in one five letter word which says, "Use her. Be my guest and remember that I've been the one who's done you the favor. She is allowing you to take your ease with her because I've paid her to do it."

That's what it boils down to, but that's not the way it's presented.

Instead it's Jeff saying, "Charlie, come here, you old son. Like you to meet Audrey. Yes, Audrey's a member of my staff. Will you two kids excuse me. I've got an important call to make. That damned wheat deal again."

It's the government man or the client's man making idle chatter with me about what a bright boy Jeff is, how full of integrity Jeff is, how Jeff will go right to the top.

They're damned right. Jeff will get there on the backs of at least ten girls like me that he uses exactly the way he uses me. That's another lousy part of it. I honestly think I could go for Jeff if he gave me the chance. But I'll never get it. Jeff wants power. Jeff wants money. Jeff doesn't care about anything else.

What about the men I serve for him? Well, you might think they're fascinating people interested in world affairs. You've been bored to death by people just like them. They're the hardware store owner from Duluth, the small time politico from California, the stodgy old association execu-

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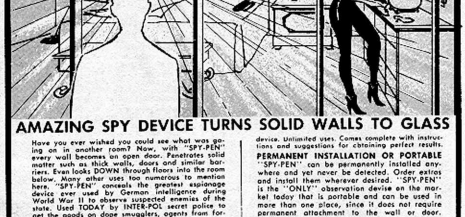

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tive secretary from New York City.

They talk a lot of shop and create a lot of false impressions. To hear them tell it, they're individually responsible for keeping the republic from collapsing. They grip each other by the lapel. They talk swiftly in half-whispered tones. They nod knowingly and shake hands with far more strength in the grip than is necessary.

Then like little boys, they forget the big baseball game of politics for the mumbley peg of a night's dalliance on the sidelines. They come at you and you can read it in their eyes. You can feel it as their fingers stroke your arm, as they draw you to their pot

THEY'RE men. Some of them have legitimate hungers like the widower who's trying to raise two teenage children. Others have been trapped into barren marriages where their needs have long since become the sacrificial offering in a wife's bid for power.

Others have deep seated emotional problems—the kind that cannot be overcome unless a girl like me agrees to dominate them with a whip and boots. You'd be amazed at those who've groveled on the floor under the sting of my lash.

There are those who are disturbed in other ways. With me they're allowed to play out their hostilities in whatever way they wish. Sometimes I try to tell myself that I'm helping them to get rid of their aggressions and actually helping them to cleanse their souls for the work they do.

I never discuss them with Jeff. It wouldn't be discreet. I don't know how much my services help Jeff in his lobbying activities. At times I find myself hoping perversely that they don't help at all. But I know this is wishful thinking.

There are too many young women like me on DuPont Circle, in Alexandria and Georgetown. There are too many of us surrounded by the tinkling highball glass of the Washington "get together." There is too much at stake for the influence peddlers to leave any stone unturned in maintaining their value to their clients.

As for me, I looked for sure fire luxury and a way around the practice of having my bottom pinched for a stewardess' salary. Now I know I've played it dumb. I often think about getting out before it's too late.

But there's an old expression that once you come to Washington, you never leave. It may be right.

END

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ROAST OUR GUTS IN THE DEVIL'S HEARSE

(Continued from page 19)

Division. The four of you are riding in the most uncomfortable, unadaptable piece of military equipment ever devised. You are a complete unit, surrounded by armor that some tankers call the "purple heart box." You are expected to cross a river under heavy fire, smash through any barrier, canter through a burning house and drive on over explosive mine fields.

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"Turn 'em over!"

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We butt down through the wooded hills during the misty dawn and fan out over the endless flat plains west of the Rhine. The rest of the Task Force is moving into position. A line of 18 Shermans are in the first wave. One thousand yards behind them is the second wave of Shermans. We're in the third.

This is the big push to Remagen—the town and the bridge. You curse the slow stop-and-go speed and the dogs that travel like snails through the spring mud. For the want of something to do you clean your periscope lens until it sparkles. You wipe the smudges off your instruments. By mid-morning the sun has heated up the armor plate so that you feel as though you're being cooked alive.

NOON and no opposition yet. The afternoon crawls. Ahead is only flat land dotted with isolated farm houses. At dusk we're half way to the river. We bed down while supply trucks refuel our tanks for the next day's run.

Dawn, with more of the same kind of foot-dragging. We don't like the idea of not having recon units scout the town first. Finally, in the late afternoon, Remagen is visible.

Lou Perrini works his bolt. Howie Clark, who doubles as loader for the tank commander, pushes shells into a position that will be handy when the time comes. Mike Chartres is crouched now, eyes at hatch cover level.

The first wave of tanks is closing the range on the church steeple. SOP—knock it out.

No recon. Damn it! My hands grip the tiller bar. We don't know what in hell we're moving into. Could be Panzer Grenadiers waiting, or Panzer Faust bazookas...holding thier fire until we're close.

Long-barreled 76s swivel on their turntables like giant feelers. The first line of Shermans picks up speed. Looks like a walk-away.

Suddenly, an 88 cracks and echoes across the plain. Then another and another. A whole line of them at the edge of town, all blasting and roaring at once. There are tank guns hidden somewhere among the houses on both sides. Tigers and Panthers, A. T. guns, bazookas and 88s—all forming a half moon line of defense and we're sucked right into it.

A Sherman stops dead. Flames shoot up from the turret. Oily black smoke billows skyward. The tank bucks suddenly and you know its ammo has gone up.

Three exploding shells smash into a tank and toss it over on its side like a toy. The track is still rolling. Another whirls, its engine coughing and spluttering.

An M-4 dead ahead takes a big one from a Kraut railroad gun. Both tracks fly off and the bow dips into the mud as though kneeling to the greater force. Thin columns of black smoke spiral from the hatches. You don't have to be inside the wounded monster to know what's happening. You can see it again. You can remember the way a shell smashes the steel and from the inside it looks like a deep red glow growing brighter and brighter and spreading out until the heat is unbearable. You have to get out. You don't give a damn what your chances are on the ground, you just have to be there...out of this white-hot coffin.

We see a tanker climbing free. He is on fire. With the escape hatch open, flames shoot up like a torch. The tanker leaps to the ground and rolls. He's screaming but we can't hear him. The others still in the tank are screaming. Through the small hatch in front of me I can see those flames licking upward...and I can see, only for an instant, a hand reaching, surrounded by crackling blue and red tongues...reaching for safety but not quite making it. The tank shudders, indicating the ammo explosion which signals the end of it and everybody trapped inside.

THIRTEEN of the eighteen are knocked out and lay smouldering.

A few tankers manage to escape and are running back to the next wave. Four crippled Shermans have found hollows in the ground, but they aren't deep enough to afford protection from the Panzer Grenadiers. Rockets finish off the hiding tanks in minutes.

The second line moves in. We're

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right behind them. Lou and I close our hatch covers. Turret guns crack defiantly. Mike closes his hatch and peers through the periscope. He spins the elevating wheels of the turret gun. "Clark, feed me! *Feed me!*"

Howie scrambles to the shells, slams one home and closes the breech. The tank lurches backwards. I hit the throttle harder. Howie shoves round after round into the steaming breech. Lou opens up with his .50-caliber, pouring red tracers into the edge of town. Now the Krauts are feeling the full force of the attack, but are still in the better position of being hidden. Houses rock as high explosions pour on them. Phosphorous shells erupt into white flames and spread a deadly holocaust. Smoke shells blast the ground in front of enemy emplacements in an effort to blind the A.T. guns. Smoke, dust and flame unite to obliterate Remagen. The plain boils. Geysers of smoke and dust rise up around us as we push forward. Shell fragments slap against the steel hull. The engine is hot. Smoke and cordite sting your nose and make your eyes run water.

The second line of tanks is dwindling. We're perfect targets in spite of our own fire power. Turret 76s and 75s hammer relentlessly. Tracers form a curtain of red lace. Yet the tanks get hit and stop and die. The second wave is down to four.

Now it's our turn to move into the hell.

My lips go dry. Sweat pours down my back. The tiller bar is soaked. Mike shouts a dozen orders at me, rapid fire. We jounce over shell holes and ruts. Lou spits out curses because his aim is spoiled. Empty belts pile up beside him. Shell casings rattle around on the floor. There's no let up in firing. Mike kicks the solenoid trigger every six seconds and the recoil drives our guts into our throats. Howie's gloves are smoking from handling the hot breech block.

The dog soldiers are flanking the town from the north. The halftracks with their armored infantry are coming in from the south. They may peck away at the Krauts like annoying insects, but the real fight is right here...in the front...where every tanker is getting a good look at what hell is like.

We roll up to the smoking tanks. Even above the racket of guns and straining engines you hear the screams of the guys inside...or think you do. At any rate, you know what it's like to live with a dying iron monster. You know how it is when a radio-gunner is caught in the belly and is screaming for air. You think of Jim Olivier again. You remember how you and Lou and Mike scrambled

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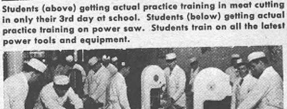

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free only a second before the explosion. And there was no time for Jim to get out because he was farthest from the escape hatch. And you remember looking down, hating the need to, and seeing what was left. Then the medics go down..and one pukes...and they bring up the pieces.

THE M-24 light tanks crawl up behind us. We edge forward, pouring on everything we've got. Now it is fight or die. No turning back. Muzzle to muzzle with maybe 150 yards between us and the Krauts. A heavy black layer of smoke hangs over the entire area, cutting off the late afternoon sun. Armor-piercing shells plow through steel plates. A tank explodes. The hull comes apart. The long barrel of the 76 drops like a dead finger and gray smoke issues from its mouth. It was quick for everybody inside. You pray for the same kind of death.

The Krauts are worried. They're throwing nebelwerfer, walking the smoke mortars directly ahead of us so that we can't see where we're going or shooting. We drive through one curtain and find another. The periscope is clouded. Mike opens the turret hatch and sticks his head up. "Bear left!" he shouts at me.

I obey his command, pour on full throttle in order to smash through the blinding fog.

Lou whirls away from his gun. "Close that hatch!"

Too late. Mike's sudden scream paralyzes us. His body goes rigid. We watch it sink back into the bowels of the tank, fists snapping shut and opening in spasms of pain.

He falls. His foot catches on a sharp projection and he hangs almost upside down. His face is a mass of blood and torn flesh. We can turn away, but we can't blot out the final, horrible sounds that filter through the globs of blood and ripped meat.

Howie disengages Mike's foot. He closes the hatch. "Somebody's gotta load for me."

I step gingerly around Mike's body and snap a shell into the breech. Lou takes over with his dual-driving controls and manages to keep the machine gun working at the same time.

Howie peers through his periscope and lowers the muzzle's trajectory. We're getting closer. Lou's gun chatters steadily.

Now I'm in the radio-gunner's spot. If the radio squawks I'll have to answer it. And if we take a shell when I'm back there...

It doesn't happen that way. Ten seconds later we're jolted violetntly. My back smashes against the hull. Lou yells, "Track's off!" Howie crumples to the floor groaning. Another jolt and the world seems to tilt. We're going over on our side. Shells and casings topple on top of us. Comic books flutter crazily. The bottles of Calvados break. I find myself staring into Betty Grable's smiling face... until a drop of my blood splatters on her blonde hair.

"We're on fire!"

The words are like a slab of ice on your back. The stench of burning oil fills our nostrils. Black smoke chokes us. Through the haze Lou and I can see Howie fumbling with the hatch cover. He can't get it open.

We crawl to him. Flames crackle higher. Orange fingers lick the clutches in the drivers area. Flare-ups follow and the smoke intensifies the need to get the hell out. We're choking to death. If there's a loose shell in the fire we'll be cut to shreds by ricocheting fragments.

Howie is between us. His fingers are bleeding. Sobs crack in his throat. "I can't get it open!"

Lou pushes him away. I can hear him grunting and coughing. A dull *clank*, then he shakes his hand. He tries again, this time beating his fists against the iron clamp until the cover springs away.

HE crawls out first. I follow and Howie is last. We're gasping, sucking in fresh air and crawling clear of the burning tank. The ground trem-

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bles with the continuous pounding of mortars and 88 shells. Dirt and rocks shower down on us. Lou sinks out of sight as he rolls into a shell hole. I drop into it and wave to Howie.

We're out of it now, and one look at our ranks convinces me that the Krauts have won. I count only five tanks still pushing forward and firing their turret guns. The rest are gushing flames and smoke.

A burning Sherman near ours shows no sign of life inside. Then slowly the hatch cover rises. A tanker crawls out and leaps to the ground. A big guy, without a helmet. He wears railroad tracks on his shoulders and carries a .45 in his hand. He could be the CO of Baker Company.

We watch him, fascinated. He stalks forward alone. When he's clear of the burned-out tanks he stops and plants his feet firmly on the ground. We figure he's gone ape. Maybe concussion got him. Nobody with any sense would stand up amid flying shrapnel.

We can see his face. We can see the fierce outrage that all of us should feel but don't. He faces the enemy and lifts his gun hand high over his head, moving it in slow and wide circles. The signal—"Assemble on me"—is seen by the tank drivers.

One by one the Shermans wheel in behind the captain. When all five are lined up, he starts forward. Cannons crack over his head. Out of four impenetrable waves of iron, this is all that's left—five Shermans and one CO with the kind of guts you find only once in a war.

It is no miracle that the shelling from the Krauts slowly melts to nothing. Sure, they see the CO storming forward, and maybe they're filled with awe, too. But they also have their flanks to think about. With dog soldiers attacking from the north and armored infantry from the south, with much of their heavy stuff knocked out in the muzzle to muzzle battle, they have little choice except to pull back across Remagen Bridge.

We spend the night in the shell-torn town. The darkness can never be complete. Not tonight. You have only to look out to the plains to see light—dozens of fiery red glowing lights that are like campfires.

You look at the burning tanks and hope for an impossible wish.

That you never have to sit in one again.

END

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(*Continued from page* 21)

Of course, I'd have to pay off in one way or another. Either I'd shell out a good percentage of my take, or I would have to crawl into bed with the super and let him have his fun. In addition the elevator operators were on the take too.

"Now when I take a flat, I always make sure it's in a self-service building. As long as I keep what I'm doing quiet, nobody's the wiser. When you're on the turf like me, you like to play it cool. There's nothing cooler than a deserted apartment house corridor."

If the lack of building personnel is a boon to the prostitute, it is just the opposite to her law abiding sister. A young nurse who works the four to twelve shift has this to say. "I am absolutely terrified from the time I reach my lobby until I am safely behind the locked door of my apartment. Call it a phobia, but every man who enters the elevator with me seems to be leering. I can almost feel their hands pawing at me and ripping my clothes off. Every time I read of a sex offense in the newspapers, I go through the same horrors as the victim. I don't know how much longer I can stand it. I may quit my job before I crack up completely."

A burly construction worker who lives in a Philadelphia housing project cursed softly. "It stinks, I tell you. We pay rent here. But we might as well be living in prison. I won't let my wife leave the apartment after dark. I don't care what it's for. Once the sun goes down, I lock her in. Listen, there are a lot of creeps around and my wife's a good looking doll. Do you blame me for not wanting to have to identify her on a morgue slab?"

A career girl comments. "When you enter one of these elevators, you never know what's going to happen to you. Even if it isn't out and out rape, it can be damned unpleasant. A friend of mine was forced to share her ride with an exhibitionist pervert. She was so sickened by his actions that she couldn't go to work for three days."

The doorman of a building which advertises "24-hour service," although it merely mans the lobbies, reports: "You can see it in their eyes when they enter the cage. They're terrified. Like helpless little rabbits. I try to reassure them. But even with me in the lobby, they dread the thirty seconds it will take them to get where they're going."

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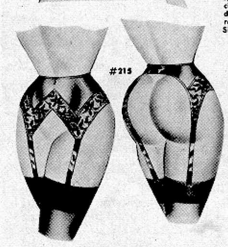

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One real estate agent who tries to minimize the dangers, points to a recent rash of armed robberies which have swept the country. These crimes have been carried out in broad daylight. More importantly, they have occurred in houses where there were elevator men. The building employees were forced to act as decoys to obtain entry to the victim's apartment.

However his theory is not borne out by a veteran police officer. The officer has this to say. "The sex offender who preys on women—I don't care if he's an exhibitionist or a rape murderer—is a homosexual sadist. I've never seen the work sheet on one of these offenders which didn't include an alienist's report on strong homosexual tendencies in a latent state.

"The primary urge of the rapist is not to gratify himself sexually. He gets little or no comfort from the sex act. His prime urge is to cause pain and humiliation. Because of innate cowardice, he will limit his activities to attacks on women he is sure are unescorted.

"Now you might say that a guy with all this built-in hostility is not going to be stopped by the mere presence of a sixty-five-year old elevator operator. But that's where you're wrong. The rapist fears all men because he is not like them. I've seen cases where the most vicious assaults—and even murders—have been committed by a rapist who was caught and held by an emaciated old man until the police arrived.

"Anybody who tells you that elevator operators are no protection because most of them are pensioners, just doesn't have the true concept of a sex offender."

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the protection of her own apartment several times a day. The average housewife will not lock her door behind her. The sex criminal has one of two potential avenues of operation.

Either he can follow the woman to the garbage disposal point and there cow her into submission, or he can sneak into her apartment and await her return. In either case the odds favor him.

In larger complexes some attempt may be made to give protective coverage. Such protection is usually in the form of a uniformed doorman. However no doorman can be expected to recognize all callers. If the person who walks in off the street is relatively well dressed and does nothing to attract suspicion to himself, he will have little trouble bluffing his way past the employee. Any veteran policeman will tell you that most rapists look anything but like sadistic deviates.

Says one, "You'd be amazed if you saw the type of guy we pick up for this type of offense. Most of them are clean cut well dressed types. I've been in this game for fifteen years and I'd never be able to pick a potential rapist out on the street by his looks.

The grisly truth of this is shown by the sex murder of Janice Wylie in New York City. Miss Wylie and her roommate were bound together, bludgeoned and stabbed to death by an assailant who gained entry to their east side apartment in broad daylight. Nobody living in the building could recall any unusual or suspicious looking characters in the vicinity on the morning of the murder.

There is another favorite ground for the sex offender which is helped by self-service. This is the basement of most structures.

As a convenience to its tenants, the typical multiple dwelling offers coin operated laundry machines. Several particularly vicious crimes have been carried out against women in these laundries. Once again the culprit was abetted by the self service elevator which allowed him to roam the building undetected.

NOT every woman who has been victimized by the sex offender has been assaulted or raped. But there have been many reports of fondling, indecent propositions and general obscene behavior.

The question which concerns the police is how many incidents have gone unreported. Comments one detective, "We can only work on the squeals which come to us. For every sex offense on our blotter there must be five or ten which go unreported. This is caused by a combination of

shame and fear. Many women feel that if they haven't been hurt, the best thing to do is to forget the incident."

The pitiful truth is that most sex offenders have committed several acts before they are apprehended. A good percentage of these criminals are never caught.

Notes the detective, "In all crime, prevention is the only sure method of protecting the public. We've learned the hard way that the fast moving radio car will never replace the physical presence of a beat patrolman when it comes to maintaining law and order.

"The same is true inside these push button death trap houses. There is no system I can think of (and this includes closed circuit television screening of elevator interiors) which would be as effective as the presence of a uniformed operator on the car. In my book, the self service elevator has become a very lethal weapon in the hands of the sexual psychopath." END

BEWARE THE PHANTOM LOVER WHO'S STEALING YOUR WIFE

(Continued from page 29)

number of unattached women who would gladly share a casual bed in return for a little male companionship and attention. Look at Larry down at the plant. Larry was the biggest make-out artist going. He didn't suffer the agonizing frustrations which were heaped on Arnold.

Although the plan had possibilities, it had overwhelming drawbacks as well. Arnold had never been much of a Lothario. The idea of the cocktail lounge arrangement, the quick meetings in sideroad motels and the thought of getting caught would take all the joy out of such an arrangement. Get into that type of a situation and there was always the possibility of the unwanted pregnancy or the crippling social disease. Arnold was a great believer of the old truism that says people who sleep in their own beds at night never get into trouble.

Then there was the last alternative. He could remain with Norma. He could live as her husband in name only. Perhaps he could take up some hobby to rid himself of the nervous tensions which now threatened to explode within him. He could learn to live without sex. He could run up the white flag and surrender to life. He could tell himself that cohabiting with a woman wasn't that important. In short he could spend his remaining years an emotional eunuch, castrated by a woman's frigidity and indifference. The idea was appalling in its tragic overtones. But there were no other ideas.

Arnold rose from the rumpled bed, shuffled around the bedroom in his naked feet and wondered once more, "What the hell did I ever do to deserve this?"

The truth of the matter is that Arnold had committed the same catastrophic mistake that one out of every two American men make. He had married a child woman. He had been betrayed by her youth and beauty. He had mortgaged his life for a promise which was not to be kept. Norma G., was one of the over 40 million frigid wives in the nation who are turning their homes into shambles and their husbands into zombies.

Norma would have refused to believe that she was less than the perfect wife and mother. She kept a clean house. She gave huge chunks of attention to the children. She wasn't a spendthrift. What more could Arnold want of her?

Arnold wanted a woman who would come alive in his arms a woman who would respond to him with honest passion and submission. He wanted a woman who needed his love as much as he needed hers. These things Norma could not bring herself to give.

THE basic problem was that Norma could never love Arnold because she had already become the mistress of a phantom. She had entered a fantasy love castle where she found all of the romance she considered so sadly lacking in her own life.

It is more than likely that Norma had no realization that her refusal to be the complete wife to Arnold stemmed from her refusal to accept reality. She had vague feelings of being bored, of being unappreciated, of seeing her life bounded by the supermarket, the P.T.A., and the television set.

Sometimes she might close her eyes and float off into a paradise where there were no children, there were no mortgage payments to be met, there were no frozen asparagus to be thawed in time for Arnold's dinner.

In these odd moments, she became unfaithful to Arnold. For she allowed her imagination to conjure up a faceless lover who would ride to her rescue and spirit her away from all the drabness which she considered to be her lot.

According to leading psychologists and sexologists, this fantasy world is the real enemy of the marital struc-

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ture. It represents an unwillingness to accept life as it is lived. It turns flesh and blood husbands into a woman's enemies. After all, isn't it the husband's fault if the wife is less than satisfied?

Where does it start? Probably in earliest childhood. It is very common for little girls of two, three and four years to invent imaginary friends. They may be people or animals, it doesn't make any difference. Parents may listen to the child talking to an empty room and carrying out long conversations with her phantom playmates. What the child is actually doing is showing her displeasure with the nursery and her parents as she finds them. Even though she has just learned to talk and it hasn't been too many months since her training was completed, she already feels the need for some magical force to compensate for the drabness she feels.

Let's jump to the teenage girl. Here you see more sexual manifestations of the same thing. It is a peculiar feminine trait to become sexually attracted to an entertainer to the point where just sitting in a theater where he is performing has a practically orgiastic reaction on her.

Can there be any doubts that literally millions of teenage girls have been vicariously impregnated by the twisting gyrations of an internationally renowned pelvis.

Nor is there any doubt that later in the privacy of their own rooms, the phantom of the male star comes to them as the ever-considerate lover.

Thus the screaming stampeding members of countless fan clubs are doing more than seeking autographs. They are carrying out an imaginary fertility rite becoming the passion slaves of the unobtainable idol.

Such attitudes cannot be dropped even when a girl grows up and marries. As a matter of fact, marriage may well increase the drive to enter a world of fantasy which includes the phantom lover.

One of the basic reasons for the hold the teenage singing star has on his female audience is that he is perfectly safe. Being emotionally impregnated is fine. It can be carried out without the risk of a physical impregnation. And no terror can equal a young girl's fear of bearing a child out of wedlock. Thus the farther away the entertainer physically, the more the emotional impact of his voice or personality. In a measure this accounts for the unbelievable popularity of such a star's recordings.

THE residual of fears concerning childbearing remains even after a woman has conceived children in marriage. She cannot completely divorce herself from her heritage. And throughout the ages—from the time of Eve—a woman's curse for her wrong doing is that she must suffer the pain of childbirth.

There is also another force at work. Unlike the oriental or the continental European woman, our American wife has grown up in the tradition that sex is a filthy thing and the woman who gives herself to it with abandon is a degenerate.

One is reminded of Romain Gary's attitudes on the subject. The French author-resistance fighter-statesman has said that it is a fatal mistake to confuse sexuality with immorality. He argues that some of the most promiscuous women he knows have been the most moral in their dealings.

However it would be quite impossible to get the American wife to agree that her sexuality was a thing divorced from her code of ethics.

Thus we have the combine which is destroying Norma and Arnold G. Norma uses fantasy and a phantom lover to compensate for the material things which she knows she will never have. She retreats into her fantasy world and the nuptial couch of her phantom lover, because of her conviction that he is a safe lover and a secret one who will not dispoil her body physically. She has no real need of Arnold's advances.

As a matter of fact, Arnold represents the forces which are at work to destroy her. As the wage earner he places limitations on what she can spend. As the father of her children he has caused her a certain amount of physical discomfort (labor pains) and more severe limitations on her freedom of action (child rearing). As a man he has tried to lead her into acts which she considers crude and revolting.

The considerate phantom lover would never do these things to her. He would be more gentle. He would provide all of the material wealth she could dream of. He would stir the wildest emotions of abandon in her.

Arnold struggles into his clothes to face another day and night of frustration. He knows he won't divorce Norma. He is reasonably sure that he will not seek a mistress. There seems little hope that he will ever be able to lead Norma onto the path of full love. The dead feeling remains within him. He catches the 7:49 commuter special where a couple of hundred other Arnolds sit shoulder to shoulder, thumbing through the morning paper and wondering whether the guy sharing the seat with them has it any better.

Each one of them carries the pinched look of one who has seen a ghost—of one who is haunted by his wife's phantom lover. END

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THE DEVIL'S CLAWS OF TORMENT

(Continued from page 27)

"Please . . . have mercy . . ."

"Mercy is for weaklings," the man spat at her. Slowly, he brought the phial over her shrinking nakedness. With great care he began to tip it.

The girl screamed and tried to escape the thin stream of liquid which came from the phial — an acid strong enough to eat flesh to the very bones! But the ropes held her tightly, and the acid splashed on her body just where the man had aimed it — a torment subtle and horrible.

Her skin itself jerked with the pain, and the girl's entreaties changed to horrible, raw-throated screams. The acid played in patterns on her body while she pulled madly at her bonds, while she screamed in an absolute infinity of torment. . . .

And then, suddenly, she fainted.

The man righted the phial. "Soon, my dear, you will awaken," he murmured, "and we will continue." He walked away, replaced the phial in a rack against the wall, and continued to mutter to himself, as if he were disturbed by something in the scene which had just passed. "Mercy," he whispered. "Mercy is for weaklings — not for Georg Buechmann."

The torches in the cellar dungeon flickered as a wind stirred them, wind from the tiny, high casement windows. The room's lighting became dim, and then brightened again as the wind passed. The man stood by the rack, which rested against one rough stone wall, his hands limp at his sides, his whole figure relaxed.

There was silence in that room of torment.

Then the girl stirred and began to awaken, and the man turned, and the smile of Georg Buechmann appeared again on his face as, slowly, powerfully, he moved forward. Now he would try something different....

The girl's eyes opened, and she saw him, and began again to scream.

THE place was Arrenburg, in Austria, in the year 1773. Georg Buechmann was twenty-nine years old, but much older in the ways of

horror and madness. There were rumors, now impossible finally to verify, that he had killed his own mother at fifteen, though no one spoke such rumors aloud. It was always possible, after all, that Buechmann would hear, and his vengeance would descend without any chance of avoidance. For Georg Buechmann was, as he had said, no weakling.

He was six feet six inches tall and weighed over two hundred and fifty pounds. He could lift a man and toss him twenty feet, and had done so in fights during his adolescence. His mother might, in fact, have died naturally; she had been weak and sickly ever since Georg had been born, a gigantic child who seemed at first a cause for rejoicing.

No one could tell for certain when the warped, cruel streak in his nature first began to assert itself. As a child he was "queer," his mother said, and he had no father to restrain or control him: the elder Buechmann had died at work one day, when a cart-load of wood had tipped over on him. He, too, had been a powerful man, though Georg was something new in the town, a wonder, a prodigy of strength and stature.

He amused himself with animals as a child — but not simply playing with pets, like a normal boy. Instead, he killed them, invented methods of keeping them painfully alive for hours or even days, gloated over them in secret. . . .

Of course, the story began to get around in Arrenburg, and whispers eventually reached the ears of Georg's mother. She did no more than talk to him, weak as she was, and her talk meant less than nothing to this monstrous son.

She died in the same year that Georg discovered a new delight, a new interest.

He was through with the torment of helpless animals. He had discovered that he could as easily capture and torment human beings.

After all, he was Georg Buechmann — and he was strong!

At first they were wanderers, lonely travelers who appeared on the Austrian roads in those upset days. The town had learned to avoid Georg, to speak of him, even, as little as possible, and Georg had no need for the town. The wanderers provided him with the horrible "amusement" he craved.

He experimented now with all of the torture methods he knew, using the stone cellar of the Buechmann home as a "torment laboratory."

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There were whips and branding irons at first, there was boiling water and even boiling oil. . . .

His victims screamed in the cellar night after night, while Buechmann laughed and continued his terrible cult. Of course the townsfolk of Arrenburg heard the screams, but they did nothing.

The wanderers, after all, meant little enough to the townsfolk — and it would take a strong and determined man to go up against the giant Buechmann. Seldom seen in the town, he became the focus of legends. Whispers had it that he had grown to eight or nine feet, that he could lift a great tree from the earth, tearing the roots out, and throw it for yards — for miles. . . .

ACTUALLY, he lived simply enough. A small farm back of the house grew enough food to sustain his life, and he had few other interests.

He lived mostly in the "torment laboratory" of his cellar, foraging out at night to raid wildly parties of travelers, returning with one or sometimes two unconscious victims dragged along by his powerful body. And then, when they had awakened, the torment would begin.

He thought of variations. Once, capturing a mother and daughter, he forced the mother to watch while her seventeen-year-old child was methodically tortured to death over a period of twenty hours — Buechmann used the whips on that occasion until the girl's flesh was one raw, bleeding agony, and then torches from the wall-brackets, while the poor girl screamed for help, pleaded, begged. . . .

By the time she died her mother was half-insane from the spectacle.

Then Buechmann began on her. She died more quickly, but every moment must have seemed an eternity of pain, years of agony compressed into a few hours.

When he was done he buried both bodies in a nearby copse. The townsfolk continued to ignore him — which was quite satisfactory to Georg Buechmann. And if any of them decided to come against him — well, he was strong. He could take care of them, any of them. They were too smart, he assured himself, to try conclusions with so strong and powerful a man. . . .

The years rolled by. Contemporary estimates state that Buechmann tortured to death more than one thousand people in those years, but there can be no final estimate. Many must have died, shrieking for

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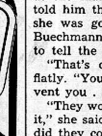

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mercy, alone and forgotten in the dimly-lit cavern which Buechmann had made his own.

And then a girl from Arrenburg itself attracted him.

Her name was Hilda Meister, and she was nineteen years old, a girl both lithe and strong, known in the village for her ready wit and her quick intelligence. Like all the rest, of course, she knew of Buechmann, but by this time the legends about him had obscured many of the main facts. There were stories that he had made a pact with the Devil and that it was the screaming of the damned one heard from his house late in the darkest nights.

Besides, one did not speak of such matters before a young and innocent girl. . . .

Hilda had beaus enough, but she had not as yet chosen one seriously, it seemed to her more amusing simply to chatter with one and then another, to poke fun at whatever it was they held most dear.

And so, when she was warned about venturing near the Buechman home at the edge of Arrenburg, her first impulse was to defy the warning.

"It's nothing but superstition," she said. "Pacts with the Devil . . . such things don't happen here. Not in this small town. Nothing really ever happens here. . . ." She laughed at the man who warned her, and told him that as soon as night fell she was going to walk round the Buechmann home, and come back to tell the tale.

"That's danger," her beau said flatly. "Your parents ought to prevent you . . ."

"They won't know anything about it," she said defiantly. "And if they did they couldn't stop me — so you needn't bother telling them."

"But Hilda — I don't want anything to happen to you — "

"Nothing's going to happen to me," she said firmly. "That's what I'm going to show you. All this warning, all this danger, is simply — " She laughed again. "It's silly, that's all."

"But — "

"You be in the square at midnight."

"Midnight? You shouldn't be out — "

" — so late alone," she finished for him. "All right, but midnight it is. I'll meet you there, and tell you just what I've seen."

"Hilda — " the young man paused. "Suppose you're wrong?"

"But I'm not," the girl said, and smiled at him. "You'll see."

SHE never knew when midnight came. Time had ceased to have meaning for her by then. Everything had lost meaning except the pain, the constant growing pain, and the giant above her who tormented her. . . .

At ten o'clock he had seen her, and taken her inside.

By midnight she had suffered the agony of acid, fainted, suffered again and then once again gone down into the darkness of blessed unconsciousness. Buechmann stared at her and smiled.

Her eyes opened and she began again to scream as she saw him coming toward her.

"Oh, God . . . please have mercy . . . don't hurt me any more. . . ." His hands : . . the sight of his hands was terrifying!

He was wearing gloves, gloves into which he had sewn rows of tiny spikes, so that whatever he grasped would be pierced in a hundred places by the needle-sharp points!

Vainly, weakly, Hilda tried again to break her bonds — but the ropes only rubbed against her wrists and ankles, drawing blood from the rough gashes they made. In desperation she struggled on, screaming for release, begging this giant above her to stand back, to show her mercy. . . .

"Mercy is for the weak," Buechmann murmured.

Half-mad with pain and terror, Hilda shrieked again and again as his terrible hands approached her....

Then they grasped her and the metal fangs sank deep into her quivering flesh! In a sudden, violent motion her body shuddered upward against her bonds, and the motion made the spikes tear at her, drawing blood and making a new agony like fire run through her pain-wracked body. . . .

"Oh, God, the pain . . . the pain . . . I'll die, please let me die, kill me, but don't hurt me, not any more...."

Burned terribly with acid, torn by the spikes of Buechmann's sadistic gloves, Hilda had discovered for herself that the legends were true — that the Devil came to visit this monster — that the screams heard in Arrenburg were truly the screams of the damned!

It was, of course, her suitor who came to the rescue — backed by five others from Arrenburg whom he had roused out of sleep and told of the terrible fate he feared for Hilda Meister.

And Hilda was no wanderer — she was one of their own!

The townsfolk never hesitated, but followed their leader down to the house at the edge of the village. The time was one o'clock in the morning.

The screams were audible throughout the village. Several of the men crossed themselves nervously, fearing they were about to come into the presence of the Devil Himself.

But what could one do? Hilda had to be saved, young Hilda whom they all knew . . . it was not as if she were some nameless traveler.

None of them thought, perhaps, that if they had gone to the rescue of such a traveler Hilda would herself now be safe. . . .

From outside the house the screams were deafening, sometimes low moans rising to a pitch of insane shrieking that went on and on then died away into moans and sobbing, pleas, broken phrases. . . .

The men wasted little time. The door of the house offered little resistance to their battering.

They were inside.

"The cellar!" someone shouted, and they piled down the stone steps.

At the foot they stopped for an instant, horror-struck.

Then they charged.

PERHAPS Hilda knew, in those last minutes, that she had been saved. We can never now be certain. She died a few hours later, raving wildly about the Devil and his hands of steel. . . .

But Buechmann's career had come to an end. Against five determined men, even his great strength could avail little: two of his attackers nursed broken bones, but Buechmann himself was finally overpowered, rendered unconscious, and chained up stoutly.

Some still feared that the Devil would appear and claim his own, but the village, now at last aroused, insisted on a trial.

There was little delay, and there was little doubt of a veredict.

Buechmann was condemned to death, and taken, still in chains, roaring his defiance of them all, to a newly-built straw hut outside the village.

Then the hut was set afire.

Buechmann's screams lasted for almost half an hour as the flames slowly consumed both the hut and its inhabitant — burned and mangled, his corpse was taken out when the ashes of his judgment-fire had cooled, and displayed for the village.

Some still said that they had seen the Devil in those flames, staring down at the writhing, screaming Buechmann and laughing at the sight.

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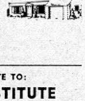

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An Important Message

To Every Man And Woman

In America

Losing His Or Her Hair

If you are troubled by thinning hair, dandruff, itchy scalp, if you fear approaching baldness, read the rest of this statement carefully. It may mean the difference to you between saving your hair and losing the rest of it to eventual baldness.

Baldness is simply a matter of subtraction. When the number of new hairs fail to equal the number of falling hair, you end up minus your head of hair (bald). Why not avoid baldness by preventing unnecessary loss of hair? Why not turn the tide of battle on your head by eliminating needless causes of hair loss and give Nature a chance to grow more hair for you? Many of the country's dermatologists and other foremost hair and scalp specialists believe that seborrhea, a common scalp disorder, causes hair loss. What is seborrhea? It is a bacterial infection of the scalp that can eventually cause permanent damage to the hair follicles. Its visible evidence is "thinning" hair. Its end result is baldness. Its symptoms are dry, itchy scalp, dandruff, oily hair, head scales, and progressive hair loss.

So, if you are beginning to notice that your forehead is getting larger, beginning to notice that there is too much hair on your comb, beginning to be worried about the dryness of your hair, the itchyness of your scalp, the ugly dandruff — **these are Nature's Red Flags** warning you of impending baldness. Even if you have been losing your hair for some time, don't let seborrhea rob you of the rest of your hair.

Male pattern baldness is the cause of the great majority of cases of baldness and excessive hair loss. In such cases neither the Comate treatment nor any other treatment is effective.

HOW COMATE WORKS ON YOUR SCALP

The development of an amazing new hair and scalp medicine called Comate is specifically designed to control seborrhea and stop the hair loss it causes. It offers the opportunity to thousands of men and women losing their hair to bacterial infection to reverse the battle they are now losing on their scalps. By stopping this impediment to normal hair growth, new hairs can grow as Nature intended.

This is how Comate works: (1) It combines in a single scalp treatment the essential corrective factors for normal hair growth. By its rubifacient action it stimulates blood circulation to the scalp, thereby supplying more nutrition to still-alive hair follicles. (2) As a highly effective antiseptic, Comate kills on contact the seborrhea-causing scalp bacteria believed to be a cause of baldness. (3) By its keratolitic action it dissolves ugly dandruff. By tending to normalize the lubrication of the hair shaft it corrects excessively dry and oily hair. It eliminates head scales and scalp itch.

In short, Comate offers you in a single treatment the best that modern medicine has developed for the preservation of your hair. There is no excuse today except ignorance for any man or woman to neglect seborrhea and pay the penalty of hair loss.

Note To Doctors
Doctors, clinics and hospitals interested in scalp disorders can obtain professional samples and literature on written request.

COMATE IS UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

To you we offer this UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE. Treat your scalp to Comate in your own home, following the simple directions. See for yourself in your own mirror how after a few treatments, Comate makes your hair look thicker and alive. How Comate ends your dandruff, stops your scalp itch. How Comate gives your hair a chance to grow. Most men and women report results after the first treatment, some take longer. But we say this to you. If, for any reason, you are not completely satisfied with the improvement in your own case — AT ANY TIME — return the unused portion for a prompt refund. No questions asked.

But don't delay. For the sake of your hair, order Comate today. Nothing — not even Comate — can grow hair from dead follicles. Fill out the coupon now, and take the first step toward a good head of hair again.

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"I used to comb out a handful of hair at a time. Now I only get 4-6 on my comb. The terrible itching has stopped."
—L.H.M., Los Angeles, Cal.

"My hair has improved. It used to fall out by handfuls. Comate stopped it from falling out."
—D. M. H., Oklahoma City, Okla.

"My hair has quit falling out and getting thin."
—D. W. G., c/o FPO., N. Y.

"My husband has tried many treatments and spent a great deal of money on his scalp. Nothing helped until he started using your formula."
—Mrs. R. Le B., Piqua, Ohio

"Comate is successful in every way you mention. Used it only a few days and can see the big change in my scalp and hair."
—C. E. H., N. Richland, Wash.

"My hair was thin at the temples, and all over. Now it looks so much thicker, I can tell it."
—Miss C.T., San Angelo, Tex.

"Now my hair looks quite thick."
—F. J. K., Chicago, Ill.

"My hair had been coming out and breaking off for about 25 years and Comate has improved it so much."
—Mrs. J. E., Lisbon, Ga.

"I've used a good many different tonics. But until I tried Comate, I had no results. Now I rid of dandruff, and itchy scalp. My hair looks thicker."
—G. E., Alberta, Canada

"Used it twice and my hair has already stopped falling."
—R. H., Corona, Cal.

"No trouble with dandruff since I started using it."
—L. W. W., Galveston, Tex.

"It really has improved my hair in one week, and I know what the result will be in three more. I am so happy over it. I had to write!"
—Mrs. M. J., McComb, Miss.

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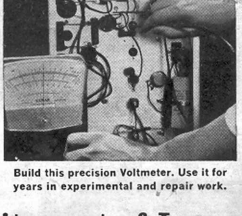

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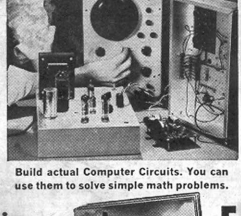

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